

The Bismarck Tribune.

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NO. 2.

ANTI-THIRD TERM

THIS IS THE COMPLEXION OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

Senator Hoar, an Anti-Grant and Anti-Blaine Man in the Chair
—Windom's Friends Still Confident of Success.
IMMENSE EXCITEMENT.

CHICAGO, June 3.—Never since the days of the old "Wigwam," on Market Street, where Abraham Lincoln was nominated, has there been such excitement among thousands of every persuasion as now. The streets of the city are literally packed with people from all parts of the country, anxious to catch a glimpse of the famous politicians. The bulletin boards of the various newspapers have proven such magnets to the curious populace, that in many places it is almost impossible for teams to pass. The feeling against Grant throughout the city is growing hourly, except at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where his immediate friends and adherents are quartered. At the Grand Pacific is another equally enthusiastic crowd who see Blaine's star in the ascendency.

SENATOR WINDOM'S ROOM also radiates from the Grand Pacific, and from a conversation with Capt. Blakely, who was Chairman at yesterday's meeting of Minnesotians, your correspondent learns that the delegation intend to stick and that they are for Windom first, and all the time, and are not without hope that he will win. Several delegations have expressed themselves favorably to Windom as a choice, and it hourly becomes more certain that both Grant and Blaine are dead. The selection of Senator Hoar as Chairman of the Convention is a point earned by the anti-Grantites, but cannot in any sense be considered a tally for Blaine. Hoar's preference is Edmunds, but as that gentleman does not care to run, it is now thought his choice is Secretary Sherman. Grant's friends, who a week ago were so positive that this man would be

NOMINATED ON FIRST BALLOT, are now arguing on the second and third. Election of the New York delegation has been a hot and a large number of the Pennsylvanians are also astride the fence and some already in the opposition camp. A great deal depends upon the action of the convention on the unit rule. Its adoption would be a big lever for Grant, its refusal a strong prop to organized opposition. Thus far the Blaine men have made decidedly the most noise, while the Grant men have excelled in professional diplomacy. The convention has just taken a recess at this writing (2 p. m.) till five o'clock, to allow the preparation of the minority report of the committee on credentials. After this recess a discussion will doubtless ensue on the reports of the committees and the unit rule question, and as each delegate is entitled to have moments' debate, it is more than likely that the convention will not reach the adjourning until tomorrow afternoon.

OPENING OF THE CONVENTION
(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

CHICAGO, June 2.—The republican convention met at 11:55 a. m. Cameron called the convention to order in a speech expressing harmony and cooperation for the success of the republican party, and stated G. F. Hoar as temporary chairman, who was conducted to the stand by Davis, of Texas, Frye, of Maine, and Raum, of Illinois. Senator Hoar was greeted with loud applause, and in assuming duties addressed the convention in a speech eulogistic of the republican party. On conclusion of the speech the roll of states was called. When the names of

CONKLING AND GARFIELD were reached applause greeted each name. At the conclusion of the roll Frye called attention to the omission of Utah and asked it to be called. The chair stated that he would direct the call to be made unless objection was made. Mr. Conkling objected and said that the national committee had prepared the roll in which Louisiana was omitted as was also the Territory of Utah, and a call made on that rule and submitted was not competent to call Utah. The chairman was of the opinion that the roll as adopted by the house, was the proper one, but could not decide. Mr. Frye stated that the secretary of the committee had stated that Utah was

omitted through mistake, when Mr. Conkling withdrew his objection.

CONSIDERABLE SENSATION was caused by this episode and much applause. A resolution was adopted that all contest be referred to the committee on credentials without debate. When Illinois was reached a contest was announced in districts by Henderson, an Iowa delegate, two contests announced in Peoria. Conkling, on behalf of the republicans of Utah, presented a protest or contest from that territory which was sent to the committee on credentials. Logan introduced a resolution instructing the committee on tickets to issue 500 tickets to veterans and spoke earnestly in its favor. Carried. On motion of Conkling the convention gave the committee on credentials time to report.

THE UNIT RULE. CHICAGO, June 3.—The committee on rules last night adopted the rules of the Cincinnati convention of 1876, with three exceptions. First, changing order of business; second, doing away with the unit rule and allowing individuals to vote as they please; third, on the national committee the Territories and the District of Columbia are not allowed representation. The committee on credentials heard arguments of Messrs. Storrs and R. G. Ingersoll on the Illinois contest, and adjourned to 11 this morning, without action. It admitted the two contesting Alabama delegates. This morning the committee on credentials referred the Illinois case to a sub-committee of five, consisting of Chandler of New Hampshire, Strout of Maine, Boltman of Ohio, Tracy of New York and Clayton of Arkansas, who decided in favor of eighteen contesting delegates. The committee on rules decided in favor of a five minutes debate. This is considered.

HOSTILE TO GRANT. Convention met at 11 A. M., Hoar being in the chair; he was decided upon last night as the permanent Chairman. Ingersoll will present the claims of Illinois delegates in convention, there being delay in proceedings because the committees are not ready. Conkling moved that the convention adjourn—take a recess till 6 P. M. Hale made point of order that motion was debatable; Chairman sustained the question now being debated. Hale in speech holds that convention must remain in a state of suspended animation till the committees are ready to report. Conkling followed Hale, claiming it would facilitate the business of the convention by taking the recess, and said it was not in order, to prevent the committee on credentials reporting. Conkling's motion to take recess was lost. Joy of Michigan offered resolution that

CONTESTANTS FROM ILLINOIS be heard in convention by counsel; a motion to lay it on table was lost and the roll of states, on Joy's motion, was ordered. Joy has withdrawn his resolution. Committee on permanent organization reported name of Geo. F. Hoar for permanent Chairman.

DIPLOMACY. CHICAGO, June 3, 2 P. M.—The committee on organization made a report, and its chairman, Pearson, introduced Senator Howe again, who complimented the convention on its wise disposition of preliminaries. In opening speeches Frye called for the report of the committee on rules, but Sharp stated that he wished to present the minority report, which they had not had time to prepare, and it was agreed no action should be taken until the minority were ready. Frye objected. Genl. Garfield, chairman of this committee, was correct. When Garfield rose he was warmly applauded, and he refused to take the platform. He had no vote taken in the committee, but the committee would not report, but await the desire of the convention. Frye then withdrew his motion and moved to

ADJOURN UNTIL FIVE P. M. Quite an interesting episode occurred here. Conkling rose and said he congratulated the gentlemen of Maine on the amount of important business which the convention has done since his [Conkling's] motion to adjourn had been lost. [Great cheering.] Frye returned the thanks of the Maine delegates for kindly congratulations and hoped he would be able to do similar courtesy when the convention had finished work. [Applause and waving of hats.] Frye's motion was then put and carried.

[A terrible storm raged last night in southern Minnesota, and the wires between Chicago and St. Paul are all down. The TRIBUNE is now negotiating for special wires to Keogh, Deadwood, Cheyenne and Omaha, and if reports are received in time, an extra edition will be published to-night; if not, one will be issued tomorrow. The North Western line has been down all day, but is now partially working again, and as soon as the lines between St. Paul and Chicago are repaired, THE TRIBUNE'S special correspondent will wire all the news to date.—Ed. TRIBUNE.]



GOVERNOR N. G. ORDWAY, OF DAKOTA.

NEWS-NOTES.

—Northern Pacific common, 22; preferred, 44.
—The town of Mitchell, Southern Dakota, was entirely destroyed by a cyclone last week.

—Col. Donan has been interviewed by a reporter, of the *Post-Dispatch*, and furnishes a two column article on the beauties and wealth of Dakota.

—The marshal's bill appropriating \$600,000 that has been the theme of so much discussion in congress and the auxiliary of court officials, passed congress this week.

—Frank J. Washabaugh, clerk of the supreme court, Judge Moody's district, was married in Yankton the 27th ult to Miss Eliza Edmunds, daughter of ex-Gov. Edmunds.

—Up to date the Comstock lode has produced \$387,000.00 worth of gold, and yet the owners think the richest part of the lode is set in still greater depth. A pretty good load from one lode.

—Among the late arrivals at the Bridgeport (Conn.) cutlery shops are three Swedish women, who work in the blacksmith shop. They wear short dresses, stout boots, and do the regular blacksmith work, having been trained to that occupation in their native country.

—Signor Castagnini, the historical and fresco painter, has been appointed by the government to complete the works of Signor Bramidi at the capitol, remaining unfinished at the time of his death. Castagnini studied in the same school with Bramidi and was a pupil of the celebrated Mariani.

—The investigation into the complaints made by the Ponca Indians who were removed from their reservation in Dakota to the Indian Territory, reveals the fact that but half the truth had been told in relation to their sufferings and the villainy of Kimble, the inhuman wretch who acted as their agent.

—Joe Goss and Ryan fought at Collier's Station, West Va., for the heavy-weight championship of America, and \$1,000 a side. Ryan defeated the veteran in eighty seven rounds, lasting one hour and forty minutes. This was Ryan's first appearance in the Prize Ring; his heavy thuds were too much for Goss' science.

—The sub-committee on Mississippi levees have reported in favor of deepening the channel, protecting the banks and making new shore lines by covering and strengthening the scouring power of the current. They consider that five cents per bushel will be saved on freight and insurance on cereals by deepening the channel.

—The joint resolution declaring the Utes public enemies and their lands forfeited unless they deliver up the Indians engaged in the White River massacre, within thirty days, will pass the house. It is not expected that the murderers will be surrendered, but the passage of the bill will furnish a pretext for clearing Colorado of the Utes.

—Information has been received in New York of the death, at Marseilles, France, of ex-Comptroller Richard B. Connelly, better known as "Simplicity Dick," one of the most prominent characters of the Tweed ring. Mr. Connelly has been a fugitive from justice since the ring collapsed. Advice two years ago stated that Mr. Connelly was actually grieving his life away in self imposed exile, though surrounded by every luxury except a clear conscience. He then resided on Lake Geneva, a few miles from the city of that name.

—The democratic party in congress, ambitious to distinguish itself in the line of economy and add fresh leaves to its withering wreath of penurious legislation, has cut down the appropriation for supplying the public lands. Thousands of emigrants are arriving monthly and looking for homes in the great west. It hardly seems possible for an agent of congress to allow millions of acres of land, lying contiguous to the great trans-continental route, to remain so long unsurveyed when absolute necessity requires these lands to meet the demand of settlers.

The New Court House.

The foundation of the new Court House being finished, the men are now busily engaged in placing the lower cells. The brick work will be pushed rapidly, and not less than twenty men will be constantly at work. The date of laying the corner stone has not yet been fixed, but probably about Thursday of next week.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Dr. Loring, of St. Louis, arrived Tuesday en route for Fort Meade.

L. D. Gill, one of the heavy business men of Mandan, was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Asa Fisher and Miss Steele returned on the Rosebud from a trip up the river.

Bishop Clarkson, of Nebraska, and the Rev. Dr. Patterson, of Philadelphia, arrived from Omaha Monday night.

Gen. Miles is in Chicago taking in the convention, after the adjournment of which he will proceed to take in the Indians.

Maj. A. Grover, brother of ex-senator and Governor Grover, of Oregon, was a passenger on the Gen. Terry for Miles City.

Mr. Saulsbury, of Gilmer & Saulsbury, large owners of Montana stage lines, was a passenger by the Benton to Sioux City.

Capt. J. O'Toole, post trader at Keogh, is at the Sheridan awaiting the arrival of Mrs. O'Toole, who is a passenger by the Big Horn.

C. T. Deism, an old subscriber to THE TRIBUNE from Doylestown, Ohio, has planted his stakes at Grand Rapids, in the James river valley.

Mr. J. K. Wetherby will leave in about two weeks for New York City, and will spend a month or so at some watering place in that vicinity.

John Ludewig, the clothier, returned from the east Tuesday night, whither he has been on a visit and business trip, buying a large stock of new goods.

N. B. Harwood, of Minneapolis, spent last Sunday in this city. Mr. Harwood is interested extensively in the Northwest, and is one of the most enthusiastic kind.

Mr. Quinton Campbell, formerly of the St. Paul Globe, but now one of the army of the Quarter-master's clerks, arrived on Wednesday's train. He will spend the season with Major Merrill's expedition.

John Leasure, for the past year connected with J. W. Raymond & Co., leaves Monday for the extension road where he will take charge of one of the entire stores attached to the command of Maj. Merrill.

Mr. T. C. Power, or the firm of T. C. Power & Bro., Fort Benton, was a passenger down by the steamer Benton and went through by Monday's train east to Chicago. He is accompanied by his family.

Mr. J. B. Bell, of Minneapolis, proprietor of the *Daily Time*, of that city, has been visiting his son, W. B. Bell, cashier of the Bank of Bismarck, for the past week. Mr. Bell also represents the Minneapolis *Evening Journal*, and is materially advancing the interests of that paper during his stay here.

Francis M. Finch, of Ithaca, N. Y., secretary of the Dwight Farm and Land company, of Highland County, D. T., and author of the beautiful poem "The Blue and the Gray," has been appointed associate justice of the New York supreme court, a position which Mr. Finch will grace with superior legal ability and scholarly attainments.

H. D. Brown, of the Lake City (Minn.) *Sentinel*, was in this city this week. He was accompanied by H. T. Patton and C. F. Young of the same city, who are looking for land. They expressed themselves as better pleased with Bismarck and surroundings than any other locality on the line, and the latter two gentlemen will take a section each soon.

Dr. J. H. Guild, of Rupert, Vt., arrived Monday night. Mr. Guild owns six sections in the vicinity of Bismarck, sixty acres of the Fisher property and many smaller tracts of land. He has great faith in the future of this city and will make extensive improvements on his property. He is accompanied by his brother, J. W. Guild, of Santiago, Minn., and C. M. Shelton, of Vermont. Monday these gentlemen will visit the end of the track on the extension.

Another Colony.

A wealthy Swedish gentleman left Bismarck for the Knife river valley this week to locate land for a colony that he will bring out in the fall. He was directed to this section of the country by parties already located here and will add thirty families to Dakota's population. He says this colony will be but a forerunner of an extensive emigration movement.

of Swedes to western Dakota. The Northern Pacific has already crossed Knife river and opens up as rich a valley for wheat or stock raising as can be found in the territory, well watered and timbered and possessing superior soil. This portion of country being contiguous to the railroad will rapidly fill up.

BISHOP CLARKSON.

Opening Exercises at the New Episcopal Church. The new Episcopal church was opened to the public for the first time last Tuesday evening, Bishop Clarkson, of Omaha, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Patterson, of Philadelphia, conducting the initial exercises. The church was filled to its utmost by an attentive audience, members of the congregation and the church-going community generally. After the reading of the Litany the bishop delivered a brief discourse on the "Church and its Mission." Arrangements have been made for holding regular services, a pastor having been appointed for this parish who will arrive this month. The bishop says the Bismarck church is the handsomest in the territory and that the church to be erected in Grand Forks will be after the plans of this one, a builder coming here to get the designs. Bismarck has more pretty churches than any city in Dakota. The completion of the Methodist church this summer will add one more to the many handsome buildings that beautify the city. Mid all the bustle and activity of the business community the churches evidence that the citizens are not forgetful of their religious duties, and that with the rapid advancement of commercial interests and increasing population the influence of the pulpit meets with a pro rata encouragement.

THE RIVER BED.

Wonderful Discoveries Likely to Attend the Tunnel Excavation. Gen. Anderson, chief engineer of the North Pacific, arrived from New York this week. He is waiting for Col. Clough to finish his soundings in the river bed when an official report will be sent on to the board of directors. A bridge or tunnel will certainly be the result of this report. The company has decided that a crossing must be effected immediately, and thus far the tunnel seems to be the most likely scheme. The bed of the river is found admirably suited for building either a bridge or tunnel. The engineers have bored down twenty feet into soft sandstone and no bottom has yet been reached. In one place quite an extensive strata of coal was found under which was a layer of clay, and then came the sandstone again. This sandstone is so soft that it can be easily tunneled, as it can be cut with a knife. In boring an augur is all that is required to penetrate it. At the Bad Lands, on the Little Missouri, this sandstone is exposed in some places to a depth of over 200 feet, but the base has never yet been seen. It is probably of recent formation—in fact at the present day undergoing that process. Scientific men believe that some wonderful discoveries will be made in digging the tunnel. It is in just such formations that the best oil wells in the country are located. It is also so believed that artesian wells will eventually be sunk, and that their depths will be but a few hundred feet. The Bad Lands show unmistakable evidence of oil explosions, the burned out craters being in many places over one hundred feet below the different veins of coal, which have burned out, leaving the hardened clay in all manner of irregularity.

Sitting Bull's Sentinels.

Sixty Canadians, recruits for the mounted service in the Northwest Territory, at Fort Walsh and McLeod, arrived last night under the immediate charge of Lieut. Col. Irvine, accompanied by Messrs. McDowell and McLeod. These men have enlisted for three years, are an able-bodied lot of young men with the necessary amount of energy to weather whose terms have expired came down on the Rosebud, of the Coulson line, which boat will carry up those that arrived last night. Of the two hundred engaged for the past three years and whose terms expire by the 15th inst., not one have re-enlisted. Thirty-six months of isolated life, with only occasional communication with the outside world in summer and none whatever in winter, having as companions only the roving bands of his sitting majesty, Mr. Bull. The remainder of the force will arrive in Bismarck en route to Canada during the next two weeks.

Blooded Stock.

At a recent sale of blooded stock in Minneapolis last week Messrs. Leighton & Jordan, post traders at Buford, were the largest purchasers. They bid in twenty-seven head of fine short horns at a total cost of \$3,420. The cattle will be driven to Buford. Leighton & Jordan have an extensive ranch at that point and have purchased already 1,000 heifers and will make still further additions this summer.

Again at the Bat.

The Athletics and Actives again met on the lower parade ground at Fort Lincoln Sunday afternoon, as per challenge sent by the former club on the previous Thursday and accepted by the latter. The weather was cool, and everything augured a fine game for the clubs engaged. The following is the score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Athletics	1	5	2	0	4	3	6	7	25
Actives	0	4	1	6	1	2	4	6	24

N. P. Express.

The Northern Pacific express has extended its line from Bismarck to the end of the track, and will send through express matter at least three times per week and daily as soon as the trains make regular trips. T. C. Kurtz has been appointed agent at the extension and R. White, messenger.

RAMPANT RED SKINS

CAPT. BAKER AND PARTY NAU-ROWLY ESCAPE.

Lieut. Ingalls has a Brush with the Indians but is Unsuccessful in Recovering Stolen Stock in the Bad Lands.

EXCITEMENT ON THE EXTENSION. (Special by Contract to The Tribune.) WALKERVILLE, N. P. EXTENSION, May 31.—Sunday night, at about twelve o'clock, Mr. W. H. Green, of Davis Creek, came to the supply store of H. A. Bruns. Mr. Green was at the store yesterday, and was late reaching his ranch last evening. He had only been there a few minutes when he espied a "lone, solitary Injun" coming across the river at breakneck speed. He had scarcely time to get out his "shooting iron," when up rode Mr. Four Thorns from Capt. Baker's cantonment, four miles below. His first, last and only intelligible words to Mr. Green were, "Ball-in-Waterdead, soldier run quick, Sioux get horse, nigh!" Mr. Green was not long in getting his ponies on the road, and arrived here about twelve o'clock, as stated. Everyone who could muster a gun of any kind, did so, and we soon had quite a force on hand—enough, at any rate, to guard the company's supply store. Mr. S. C. Walker soon dispatched two good men to the cantonment for ammunition, as it was found that we were rather short of that desirable article. Our "scouts" returned this morning, but without any ammunition. Capt. Baker having refused to send us any, his reasons for so doing better known to himself.

CAVALRY WANTED.

The universal opinion of every one in the Bad Lands to-day is, that there is just as much use out here for infantry as there is for the third wheel on a wheel scraper. We have heard for the last three weeks that nine companies of cavalry were to be stationed along the line, with headquarters at the Little Missouri river, but we have seen no signs of them yet, except a few loads of lumber going to the cantonment. From our scouts who went to the river last night, I have learned as follows:

NARROW ESCAPE.

"Yesterday morning, Capt. Baker, Dr. Miller, three privates and two Red scouts went out on a hunt toward Sentinel Butte, near which they concluded to camp for the night. In making preparations to do so, however, they found that they were in close proximity to about thirty Sioux, upon which they opened fire. The Captain's horses and mules, except those of the two scouts, broke loose and stampeded, leaving them in a very critical situation, with one of the scouts slightly wounded, as was also his pony. The scouts strayed from the main party and arrived at the cantonment several hours in advance of the Captain and his party. Lieut. Ingalls immediately started with part of the Company to hunt up the Captain and his party, whom they met a few miles from the cantonment and brought them safely in. This morning Lieut. Ingalls and twenty-five men started out to try and recover the lost stock.

A courier has just arrived from the cantonment on route for the end of track, with dispatches from Capt. Baker to Ft. Lincoln for reinforcements. Lieut. Ingalls had another fight with the same Indians today at noon. No casualties on either side, as far as known. The Indians got off with the stock. SCORIA

THE INTENSION RAID.

The annual opening raids of the Indians seem to have fairly set in. At this season each year, numerous bands of young bucks leave the various agencies for a hunt, few of them, however, returning with their game. They wander off on the prairie, and just to try their hand and exhibit bravery, kill a few defenseless whites. On the 27th ult. a band of five, probably a party from Standing Rock agency, attacked Beaver Station, on the Bismarck and Keogh stage line, running off four mules and killing the ranchman, Frank Jarvis, and a freighter named Sid McQueen. The latter leaves a wife and child in Sioux Falls. The Indians were after the stock, and had not the two unfortunate men tried to secure them, they would probably not have been killed. The report that two other ranches were also ransacked, was caused by the scare of the ranchman at the next station, who, hearing of the raid, moved his stock, fourteen head to the next station west, Beaver Station, the scene of the above affray, is but fifteen miles south of the Northern Pacific extension.

STILL HUNTING.

Yesterday the Indians made another raid on the station at the Little Missouri and ran off a horse picketed on the ridge in rear of the keeper's ranch. Lieut. Long, with thirteen men and three scouts, will reach that station to-day. Supt. Williamson has doubled his force along that route and has asked for a detail of troops at the Little Missouri. Father Stephen, of Standing Rock agency, says that some of his Indians are away. Many of the young bucks are leaving the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies during the absence of those chiefs and going north. They are evidently the enemy ones.

Sitting Bull's Son.

THE TRIBUNE received a fine cabinet size photograph of Sitting Bull's son, who recently held a council with Gen. Hazen, as the accredited agent of the famous warrior. It was taken by Mr. H. F. Barry, the Bismarck photographer, now at Fort Buford. Young Bull is a fine specimen of the Sioux warrior. At first he decided, by objection to having his "photo" taken, evidently suspicious of some job. He holds a navy six in his hand ready to demolish the instrument pointed at him should it happen to go off.

THE KING OF MAY.

He wasn't very pretty, He wasn't very wise, And he stood, when asked a question, In paralyzed surprise. A speckled lad, a speckled lad, Who would turn in his toes, And though not absolutely bad— Had such a funny nose! He hadn't any manners, He didn't know his principles, And he must own his pecks, And did not believe his looks. He was clumsy at work, and awkward at play; And every hair grew a different way.— Then why did they make him King of May?

Yes blithely, in a circle, They whirled around his king; And there he stood, half crying, Half pleased to hear them sing. Till in his heart, a mighty pang, Was given him to do; Emotion thrilled his little breast And gave him fervor new: "I'll do it! I'll do it!" he thought. "It isn't much." "Oh do! Oh do!" sang they, "He'll crown you King of May!" "I'll do it! Yes, I'll do it!" His heart sang back again, Until a ray of loveliness Came to his face so plain. He looked so sweet, he almost shivered; His young form stood erect— When many thoughtless stirrings souled What else can you expect? And still they sang their roundelay, The circling girls so sweet and gay, About their King, their King of May!

Hark! The King is speaking; The eager girls press near; He says aloud, "I'll do it!" In ringing voice and clear. And from his pocket, as from a socket, Slowly he drew it forth.— He looked to East, he looked to West. He looked to South and North.— The skies their best assurance gave, 'Twas noble to be kind and brave.

He drew it forth, he gave it over, As though he were each maiden's lover. As though it were his life. The clime they'd bargained for hours and hours, To cut the May-pole vines and flowers— That little rascal, knave! Ah, see them! see them! well-a-day! How gleefully they skip away, Leaving alone their King of May, His brief reign ended. Well-a-day!

UNDER SUSPICION.

A hard day it was for us when the constable took poor Jamie to the jail. He was only a boy, scarce turned out of twenty; and though I'm his mother that says it, an honest or better son never lived. Even since his father died he labored hard and faithful, and it was not in the dram shops he spent his earnings either, but he brought them home on Saturday night whenever it came; he used to lay the bright silver dollars in my lap, and then he'd say with his canny smile:

"Here's the money, mother, that'll buy us our Sunday dinner and all the good things for next week."

I had noticed for a long time that Jamie and Maggie Ryan were very fond of each other, and I was sorry to notice it, for I knew the boy would be wanting to get married sometime, and a nicer, neater girl than Maggie was not to be found. 'Twas a mile from our little cottage to where Maggie lived, and on Sunday nights Jamie would clothe himself in his best, and walk over there, and when he came back, if I chanced to be up, it did me good to look at his happy contented face, as he raked up the smoldering logs in the fireplace, and took his seat in the chimney corner. I could tell by that half-dreamy look in his eyes, that he saw Maggie's soft curls and rosy cheeks in the flames, and that he was in love.

One Sunday night, however, when he came home later than usual there was a troubled, puzzled expression on his face, and he didn't smile nor speak any of his pleasant words, but just paced the floor in a nervous manner, and seemed doubtful whether or not to tell me the secret that troubled him.

I didn't question him, for I concluded that he had had a quarrel with Maggie and if it was a heart wound that troubled him, talking about it could but open it the wider.

He went to bed very soon after he came in. I was about to do the same when I heard the fire bells in the village ringing. I went to the door, and looking out I saw a great flaming light in the direction of one of the churches. I was glad that our cottage was not in the heart of the town, for these fires had become very frequent of late, and the newspapers said that there was a gang of men engaged in kindling them, and that nobody's property was safe, though it wasn't dwelling houses they burnt, but barns and churches and public buildings.

A thousand dollars reward had been offered for the arrest of the incendiaries, but, whoever they were, they kept clear of the authorities.

I don't know how it happened, but as I stood there at the door, listening to the bells, they seemed to say every time they changed, "Jamie Riley, Jamie Riley?" and I could not resist associating my dear boy's name with some awful crime.

I slept but poorly that night, and being awake very early in the morning, I heard Jamie come very softly down stairs and go out of the door. After a time I got up and just as I was placing the breakfast on the table, Jamie came in.

He looked very pale, and had no appetite for his food.

I began to get frightened about him.

"Jamie," said I, "are you sick, or what ails you?"

"No mother," he said, "I am not sick, but I cannot tell you what ails me!"

Then he rose from the table, and putting on his hat he started for the factory where he worked. He took up the tin pail in which I always placed his lunch, and he did it as if by habit; nor did he seem to inquire, as was his custom, as to what it contained.

I felt worried all day. Some trouble seemed hanging over us, but what it was I could not guess.

"I quarrel with Jamie? You know I love him dearly!"

And then the sweet girl blushed at her own confession.

You may guess that this knowledge did not ease my mind much. How could I account for Jamie's pale face and nervous manner?

It did not seem possible to me that the lad had done any wrong act, but I could not forget how the bells seemed to clang "Jamie Riley Jamie Riley," and when I remembered the boy's strange actions an awful fear grew upon me.

Maggie tried in vain to discover what disturbed me. She went away in a little time, but promised to call again next day, "for I'm afraid the fever is coming on you," she said, and, kissed me and bade me good-bye.

After she had gone I busied myself in getting the supper, for Jamie always enjoyed his supper; and what a wonder that, with a hard day's work, and an early breakfast and only a lunch at noon, he should eat heartily at night. I baked some biscuit, and kept them smoking hot, cooked a nice piece of meat and boiled the potatoes, and then I got a nice dish of preserves and steeped the tea.

Just in the nick of time, as we say, and when everything was ready, Jamie came in. He looked more cheerful than he had in the morning, and smiled, and praised the appearance of the table. But there was a look of firm determination in his face that I had not seen there before and it troubled me to know what it betokened.

"Well, mother," he said, "if everything is ready, we'll eat, for I'm as hungry as a bear, and after supper I have something important to tell you."

These last words he spoke hesitatingly, but I was glad to know that he was about to unburden his soul of whatever secret it contained.

So we sat down to the table. I was just pouring out the tea when there came a loud and unexpected rap at the door.

I opened it and found Mr. Keating, the constable. He lived not far off, and had been a friend of my husband.

"Good evening Mr. Keating," I said.

"Good evening, madam," he replied;

"Does Jamie Riley live here?"

"And don't you know he lives here?" I answered.

"Is he at home?"

"Supposing he is, what then?"

"I must see him. I have an order for his arrest."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, angrily, "surely your joking, Mr. Keating! You wouldn't take Jamie to jail, you know he never did an evil deed."

"It's a sad duty," answered the constable, "but arrest him I must, if he's in the house."

"Well, he's not in the house nor has he been here to-night."

Before these words were fairly out of my mouth, Jamie himself stepped to the door.

He had listened to all our conversation and now he spoke in his clear manly voice:

"I am ready to accompany you, Mr. Keating, but with what crime am I charged?"

Mr. Keating spoke very low, so that I would not hear, but hear I did, and the words made me faint and sick. I tried to banish the horrible suspicion of my son's guilt, but I could not forget how the bell had clanged the night before.

"Mr. Keating," I said, as calmly as I could, though my voice trembled, "will you let me speak to my son one minute?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Riley."

Then the lad came into the room, and the constable stood without the door, and I took the boy's hand in mine, and looking up into his face I spoke these words:

"Jamie Riley, by the love you bear me by the memory of your dear father, by the hope of your son's salvation, speak truly—are you guilty or innocent?"

"Innocent, mother—before God, innocent," and he bent down and kissed my wrinkled forehead, and lifted the great load of doubt.

"Then go, my darling," I said, "and may the Lord in His mercy watch over you and bring you forth from this tribulation!"

So Jamie went away with the constable, and I sat all night by the fireplace, moaning and crying as I thought of my poor boy in the cold cell of the jail.

When the morning dawned I tried to arouse myself to the duties of the day, but oh! how lonely and desolate the little kitchen looked, and when I laid the table and put Jamie's plate at the accustomed place, and thought how, perhaps, for long days he would not be there to eat any more, my eyes filled with tears and I could do nothing.

The news of Jamie's arrest spread quickly through the village. When they told it to Maggie Ryan, the brave girl tied on her hood, and going straight to the jail, demanded an interview with her lover.

She never doubted his innocence for a moment, and there, with the bleak dreary walls surrounding her she remained to be true and faithful to him always, and devote every energy in securing his vindication and release.

Her presence cheered Jamie, and she came from the jail to my cottage, bringing many hopeful messages from her dear boy. From her I first learned the full charge against him.

It seems that on Sunday night Jamie had been seen near the Presbyterian church shortly before the fire was discovered there.

Nor was this worst. Joseph Milward, whose father owned the factory where my son worked, was ready to swear that he saw Jamie rush from the vicinity of the vestry where the fire broke out, and that he spoke to him as he passed. David Butler, a wealthy young man, was Milward's companion, and his statement was the same.

Jamie's examination—the preliminary examination they called it—took place on Tuesday. The magistrate heard the evidence, and said that he must commit the prisoner to await the action of the grand jury. We might have got him out on bail, but there was no one to become his bondsman, for though Jamie had many friends they were all poor. The boy spoke no harsh words whatever. "I'll make no difference to me, mother," he said, when I visited him in his cell, "for the jury is in session, and if they find an indictment against me, I shall be tried in a few days." You have money enough saved up to live on these many a week, and they will acquit me in the end."

"But, Jamie," I asked, "what does young Milward mean by his evidence? He has perjured himself, has he not?"

Jamie hid his face in his hands for a moment, and then looking up he said resolutely:

"I cannot answer your question, mother. God must judge between him and me." Then, changing the subject: "Can you get me a lawyer, mother?"

"Of course I can, and I will."

So after a little more talk, I left Jamie, and sought the office of Squire Carnan. A good man the squire was, and an honest lawyer. When he discovered who I was, and my business, he told me bluntly that he did not wish to undertake the case.

"Are you afraid that I'll not pay you?" I asked. "If it costs years of labor, you shall receive every cent of charge."

He smiled sadly.

"No, madam, 'tis not the money," he said, "but I do not like to feel that the saving of anybody's life depended on my efforts."

"Life?" I replied, "would they hang Jamie?"

"If found guilty, in all probability they will," he replied.

I scarcely knew what I said, but I begged and implored Mr. Carnan to save the poor boy. At last he consented to visit him; and if I am convinced of his innocence," he added, "I will endeavor to obtain his acquittal."

So the squire went to the jail, as I was afterwards told, and saw my son alone in his cell.

"James," he said, kindly. "I want to know the truth in this case. My position as a lawyer, and the rules of the court render whatever you tell me now as a sacred secret. By acknowledging your guilt—if you are guilty—I shall be able to shape my defense so as to obtain the lightest possible punishment."

Then Jamie stood boldly up in his cell, and raising his right toward heaven, he said:

"Mr. Carnan, they can hang me if they want to; but I am entirely innocent of this charge, and willing to die with those words on my lips."

The lawyer looked steadily in Jamie's eyes for a moment, and he must have seen truth written there, for he took his hand, and said:

"I believe you, Riley, and I will defend you. Now tell me where you were last Sunday night."

"Well," said Jamie, "I spent the evening at a friend's house in the northern part of the village. I returned home between eleven and twelve o'clock."

"And you passed the Presbyterian church on your way?"

"I did."

"Did you see any one in the vicinity?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"I cannot answer that question, Mr. Carnan."

Then the lawyer sat and thought for a while, and without another word he left the cell and went straight to his office; nor did Jamie see him again until the day of the trial.

But he was not idle in the meantime, and when I called on him once he told me to be of good cheer; that he believed my son innocent and hoped to clear him.

Maggie Ryan grew paler and paler day by day, and it was little sleep she got at nights. When the thoughtless villagers talked of Jamie's guilt, her cheeks would turn red, and her eyes flash as bright as the stars in heaven.

The trial came off in two weeks—sad long weeks they were to me; but I prayed for strength, and I think the Lord heard my prayer and gave me power to bear my cross.

A great crowd there was in the courtroom when the day came.

Jamie was led in by the constable, and took his seat in the prisoner's box as calm and collected as though he had been sitting by the fireside at home.

Maggie and I had a seat together, but we scarcely spoke a word during the preparation for the trial. We thought that it would occupy the whole day, but it came to an unexpected termination.

Joseph Milward was the first witness called. He told the same story he had told at Jamie's former examination.

I remember the scene well.

The district attorney had asked the questions, and having finished, said:

"That will do, sir."

Milward was about to leave the witness stand when Mr. Carnan spoke up:

"We will cross-examine the witness."

Oh, what a cross-examination that was! What an excitement there was in the courtroom.

The old judge dropped his spectacles, the district attorney looked blank, the jury scratched their heads, and the vast crowd kept as still as mice, that they might hear every word.

Mr. Carnan had ferreted out the whole case, and from the mouth of the same witness, he proved that James Milward and his companion were the guilty parties, and that they had been aided by many of the young men of the village, and before they had finished, the district attorney jumped up and said:

"Let us throw this case up."

Then Jamie was discharged forthwith, and the people gathered round to shake hands with him; but he hastened away from them and found Maggie and me, and together we went to the cottage.

I can't tell you all that followed; but our grateful hearts joined in thanksgiving to heaven for his deliverance.

Jamie could explain everything now. He had seen Milward and Butler coming from the vestry of the church on the night of the fire, and the smell of smoke and their excited manner told him plainly what their errand had been.

It was this terrible knowledge that had made him so nervous when he returned home. He doubted whether to divulge the secret or not. He came to the conclusion Monday night to make it public; but Milward and Butler fearing this had anticipated him, and by perjury themselves had secured Jamie's arrest. Then the lad saw how useless it would be to make a charge against his accusers, and so he resolved to let justice work out her own history.

Six months later Jamie and Maggie were married, and Lawyer Carnan was at the wedding, and he gave to Jamie a receipted bill for his services, and to Maggie the finest dress you ever beheld.

Jamie still works in the factory, but to this day no one has seen Milward and Butler in our neighborhood. It's in California they're living, I'm told.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey, For I've brought you pumpin' great Apples? No, a long sight better!

Don't ye take no interest? Wait! Flowers, Joe—I knowed you'd like em— Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high? Tears, my boy? What's them for, Joey? There—poor little Joe! don't cry!

I was skipping past a window, Where a bang-up lady sat. All amongst a lot of bushes— Each one climin' from a pot; Every bush had flowers on it— Pecky! Maybe not! Oh, no! Wish you could have seen 'em growin'! It was such a stunnin' show!

Well, I thought of you, poor feller, Liza here so sick an' weak; Never knowin' any comfort, An' I put on a lot of checks. "Missus," says I, "if you please, mum. Could I ax you for a rose? For my little brother, missus. Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you— How I'd been up to poor Joe, (Lackin' women folks to do it). Such an imp you was, you know— Till yer got that awful tumble. Just as I had got yer in (Hard work, too) to earn yer livin'— Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble tipped of you, So you couldn't hyper much— Joe, it hurted when I seen you. Fur the first time with your crutch "But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum. 'Pears to weaken every day." Joe, she up an' went to cuttin' That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller, You is quite yerself to-night; Kind o' chirp, it's been a fortnit. Since yer eyes has been so bright. Better? Well I'm glad to hear it! They're mighty pretty, Joe; Smellin' 'em made you happy? Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never seen the country, did you? Flowers growin' everywhere! Sometime when you're better, Joey, Maybe I kin take you there. Flowers in heaven! I'm 'sposed so; Don't know much about it, though; Ain't as fit as wot I might be On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heerd it hinted somewhere's Things is evadin' around here. Believe that's what the Bible states. Likewise there folks don't get hungry? So good people when they dies, Finds themselves well fixed forever— Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little smugler. Oh, no? Don't you have no fear? Heaven was made fur such as you! Joe, wot makes you looks so queer? Here, wake up! Oh, don't look that way. Joe, my boy! Hold up your head! Here's your flowers, you dropped 'em Joey! Oh, my God, can Joe be dead?

ADRIENNE'S STORY.

It was never happy at Aunt Brown's, but there seemed no prospect that I should leave her. I had come out so to speak, as far as any one so repressed could come out, but I might as well stand in. I only sat in corners, talked with the chaperons, or listened to some garrulous octogenarian. Aunt Brown's interest in me, such as it was, died a natural death after my first season—it had always been weakly—and the result was a sad deficiency in my wardrobe. She had married off two daughters without difficulty, but a niece, it seems stuck closer than a burr. However, it was not my fault that I remained unmarried. I had done my best to be fascinating. Though I hated the idea of marrying for home or position, yet I was sure I should not find it hard to love one that was kind to me, if only on account of the novelty. I was thirty now, and not unused to hearing the changes rung upon old maids, and the beggars who shouldn't be choosers, by my younger cousins Susette and Annie. But I had had one opportunity to change for better or worse of which they had never dreamed. The son of Aunt Brown's second husband, Cedric Browne, had asked me to marry him, three years before, as we rowed up the river in June for the rosy laurel blooms to decorate the house and piazzas for Susette's birthday fête. I sometimes wondered what Aunt Browne would have thought of the proceeding, as she had set her heart upon marrying Susette to Cedric. Perhaps I refused him because I was taken unawares, because I was not enough interested to care about frustrating Aunt Browne's plans; perhaps I did not expect to be taken at my word, but imagined it the proper way to decline, in order to be importuned. I believe all my favorite heroines had conducted in this wise. However, we rowed home through the sunset, our boat heaped with the pink flowers, in silence.

"You look as if you were laden with sunset clouds," said Susette, who was watching for us on the shore; but I am certain Cedric looked like a thundercloud.

The next day was the fête. Everybody brought presents for Susette. Cedric gave her an antique necklace of tortoiseshell; I was sure he had meant it for me. We had supper out of doors under the great pine trees, and dancing in the moonlight. That day I began to regard Cedric Browne attentively. I had known him under the same roof for weeks at a time; I had laughed and talked with him, believing him fore-ordained to minister to Susette's happiness, "as inaccessible as a star in heaven" so far as I was concerned. He had helped me with Adele's children, who had come to live at Aunt Browne's when their mother died. But that he should regard me with any tender emotions I had never even dared to wish. In fact, I had thought little about him till to-day. I had never observed till to-day that his eyes were as tender as stars, that his face was like that radiant countenance of Mozart in the music room, that his smile was simply enchantment. It was rather late to make these discoveries.

He did not leave us once; it seemed as if he staid just long enough for me to know all I had lost. Since then he had been with us once again for a whole month; but little Walter was ill with a spinal affection that kept him on his back, and me by his side; and though Cedric used to relieve me often by day and night, I could not see from my window, and from occasional glimpses into the drawing room, that the balance of his time was spent in Susette's company.

"Aunt Susette's beau is going to make me a kite," Teddy confided to Walter one day.

"Who's he?" asked Walter from his bed.

"Why Cedric, of course—Cedric Browne"

—Bridget says so herself," as if that put matter beyond dispute.

The next day when Cedric came up to amuse Walter with the affairs of down stairs, that youth demanded: "I say, are you really Aunt Susette's beau, Cedric? Adrienne's ever so much nicer. When I'm a man I'll marry Adrienne."

"Then you'll be luckier than I," said Cedric, winding up a top, and spinning it on his palm.

It was a year since then. I no longer went out. I was fairly *passé*. Aunt Browne had abandoned all hopes of me. I was a good nurserymaid, a cheap governess, an inexpensive companion in the family. In the meantime I could have married any day, if I had chosen to accept the Rev. Abel Amherst, and transfer my labors to the parsonage. To be sure this would not have proved the brilliant marriage my aunt had expected of me, nor the romantic one I had dreamed of myself, and it was not till I came into possession of a certain family secret that I began to revolve the possibility in my mind. It seems that when my aunt married her second husband, Mr. Browne—Susette and Anne were both Lowells—they had subsisted upon the patrimony left to Cedric by his mother, and that after his father's death, Cedric had turned in the same yearly income from the estate for the family use, and that I, Adrienne Lennox, owed my daily bread to the man I had refused, and who had forgotten me. Earning my own livelihood was out of the question, drudgery was my only vocation, and that was too badly paid to be encouraging. I looked at the Rev. Abel Amherst often at this period, with a view to installing him in Cedric's place if Cedric would only vacate. Oddly enough, Mr. Amherst renewed his suit at this time, and pressed it with the eagerness of a lover, and for the first time I began to hesitate. "The woman who hesitates is lost," said Susette.

I had been out on the hills one day trying to make up my mind to forget Cedric, and marry Mr. Amherst but whenever I began to think with some interest of going to parish meetings, becoming the president of Dakota leagues and sewing circles, visiting the poor, and drinking tea opposite the Rev. Mr. Amherst all the rest of my days, somehow or other Cedric's face would slip into the picture uninvited, and blot out his rival's as strong sunlight fades a negative photograph.

"There is a letter for you, Adrienne," said Aunt Browne, when I entered the house "in the music room, on the top of the dado, under Mozart's picture." I went into the music room, but there was no letter to be seen.

"Perhaps one of the girls has removed it," she suggested. But no one had meddled with it.

Grandma cooked a letter over the teakettle," said Teddy reflectively.

"Yes," said grandma, "I wrote a letter to your pa, child. I hadn't any blotting paper, but the fire answers the purpose quite as well."

At that time I had never heard of opening letters by steam. Well, we ransacked the house for that truant letter, but in vain.

Who was it from, Aunt?" I asked.

"How should I know, child?"

"But the handwriting, the post-mark!"

"The postmark was blurred."

"Had it a foreign stamp?" I asked, with sudden eagerness. Cedric had gone abroad some months before, and I had not heard of his return.

"A foreign stamp! No. Were you expecting a foreign letter?"

"No; but it is the unexpected that always happens, you know."

"It's awfully provoking," said Susette. "Perhaps it was only the recipes Mrs. Clark was going to send you."

"Nothing more likely; but what has become of it? It's a prolonged game of hunt the thimble."

"And supposing it's a letter notifying you of the existence of a first Amherst, put in Anne, (or of a legacy left by your forty-fifth cousin in Australia—) And then the door-bell rang."

"Well, after that I supposed I must have accepted Mr. Amherst. Everybody behaved as if I had. I received congratulations and a ring, and the parish begun repairs upon the parsonage before I could muster courage to tell Mr. Amherst all about Cedric and my mistake, and how I wasn't at all sure I could ever get over it, and care for anybody else, but that I would do my best. And he smiled in a sort of absent way when I told him, but seemed content to take me as I was, for better or worse; only it did strike me sometimes that he was the most unromantic lover in Christendom; but I hadn't much experience in lovers, and perhaps they weren't as gushing in real life as novels pictured. We used to kiss my maid when we parted; that was all. He was very gentle, but a little sad, I fancied, with a look which might mean that he was half afraid of so much happiness, or that to marry the woman he loved wasn't all that fancy had painted it. And often I thought I had perhaps done wrong to tell him everything about Cedric so unreservedly; yet I had only meant to be honest. But the day was appointed, and suddenly Cedric appeared among us, when I thought he was at the world's end, and the girls decorated the little church with white field daisies and grasses for the occasion. You may believe that I avoided Cedric in the interval before the wedding as much as possible, but somehow I was always stumbling upon him; he seemed to be perpetually at my elbow; he surprised me more than once with traces of tears on my face. The sound of his voice made my heart turn and quiver within me. If I had dared to withdraw at this juncture, I'm afraid I should have done so; but it was too late; and though I felt like a hypocrite whenever Mr. Amherst appeared, his looks of sober satisfaction, which reminded me of those lines of Matthew Coiden on Sir Philip Sidney,

"A full assurance given by looks, Continual comfort in a face, The linaments of gospel books," might have taught me that all was well with him.

"You are the oddest sweethearts I ever saw," gossiped Susette. "I wouldn't give a straw for such a lover; and as for you, Adrienne, you resemble a ghost more than a bride."

In short, a thousand years of purgatory would ill represent my sufferings during those last weeks before my wedding. Well, to crown the whole, Aunt Browne said Cedric must give me away; he was the only male relative, the head of

the family, so to speak, and he could do it so admirably.

"We shall see," said he. I'm afraid I should make a poor figure at giving Adrienne away," and he stroked his *triste* moustache as he spoke and looked at me just as he looked that day we gathered the laurel for Susette's fête—I

A GOOD HORSE.

The Graphic Description by a New York Dealer.

[Scribner's Monthly.]

"I can't explain what a real good horse is," said one of the best-natured dealers in the street. They are as different as men; in buying a horse, you must look first to his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him anything any more than you can a half-witted child. See that tall bay there, a fine-looking animal fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well I'll show you a difference in heads; but have a care of his heels. Look at the horse's head—that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad full place below the eyes. You can't trust him. Kick? Well I guess so! Put him in a ten-acre lot, where he's got plenty of wing, and he'll kick the horn off the moon."

The world's treatment of man and beast has the tendency to enlarge and intensify bad qualities, if they predominate. This good-natured phenologist could not refrain from slapping in the face the horse whose character had been so cruelly dilated, while he had but the gentlest treatment for a sleek-limbed sorrel that pricked his ears forward and looked intelligent enough to understand all that was being said.

"That's an awful good mare," he added. "She's as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes. You can't hire that mare to act mean or hurt anybody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small, thin ear, and want a horse to throw his ears well forward. Look out for the brute that wants to listen to all the conversation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears till they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong. See that straight elegant face. A horse with a flashing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle with large nostrils, to let in plenty of air to the lungs. For the underside of a head a good horse should be well cut under the jaw, with jaw-bones broad and wide apart under the throatle."

"So much for the head," he continued. "The next thing to consider is the build of the animal. Never buy a long legged stilty horse. Let him have a short, straight back and a straight rump, and you've got a gentleman's horse. The withers should be high, and the shoulders well set back and broad, but don't get them too deep in the chest. The fore-legs should be short. Give me a pretty, straight, hind-leg with the hock low down, short postern joints, and a round, mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses, but the animal that has these points is almost sure to be slightly graceful, good-natured and serviceable. As to color, tastes differ. Bays, browns and chestnuts are the best. Roans are very fashionable at present. A great many gray and sorrels are bought here for shipment to Mexico and Cuba. They do well in a hot climate under a tropical sun, for the same reason that you find light-colored clothing most serviceable in summer. That circus horse behind you is what many people call a calico horse; now, I call him a genuine piebald. It's a freak of nature and may happen anywhere."

Gems of Thought.

Faint not; the miles to Heaven are but few and short.

Clothe and wrap yourself in humility, so that it shall be impossible to tear from you this covering.

There is a blessing attending the ministrations of mercy. The luxury of doing good surpasses every other personal enjoyment.

The humble man, though surrounded with the scorn and reproach of the world, is still in peace, for the stability of his peace resteth not upon the world, but upon God.

While we wrangle here in the dark, we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness.

A young man cannot recover the loss he suffers here in practice of bad habits, though by patience and godly sorrow he may regain the celestial companionship of his mother in heaven.

Every man ought to endeavor at eminence, not by pulling others down; but by raising himself, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and, if we observe we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the experience of them.

We look back to former times and the struggles that then were, and wish we had been helpers in the fight; but there is honorable warfare now, or have not the courage to do it if we can see, neither should we have had vision or courage then.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it all together. So it is with our mortal improvement, we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which could have no hold upon us if we ascend into a higher moral atmosphere.

Mr. Horatio Seymour compares the Indians to Marquis de Talleyrand. Of the redmen he is reported as saying: "They are natural orators and diplomatists. The finest speeches that were made to me when I was Governor were made by the Iroquois Indians. Yet they would not speak except in their own language and through an interpreter, though they spoke English perfectly well. They reminded me of Talleyrand, who would not allow himself to speak English or be addressed in that tongue while he was in Great Britain, though he was a fluent English scholar."

Do you ask what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation with your friends; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings he sees you express; these will educate him; the society you live in will educate him; above all, your rank, your situation in life, your home, your table will educate him. It is not in your power to withdraw from him the continuous influence of these things except you were

to withdraw yourself from them also. Education goes on at every instant of time; you can neither stop it nor turn its course. What these have a tendency to make your child, that he will be.

WHO FIRST DREW DOWN THE LIGHTNING?

The history of lightning-conductors extends over but a brief period of time. It is ordinarily dated from the memorable evening when Benjamin Franklin, accompanied by his eldest son, succeeded, in the bold experiment of drawing lightning from the clouds down the conductor afforded by the wet string of a silken kite. It is remarkable that Mr. Anderson does not refer to that which converted the first failure into the subsequent success, namely, the wetting of the kite-string by the thunder-shower. But we cannot help confessing a sort of satisfaction, on behalf of the Old World, in being taught to antedate this triumph of experimental sagacity, though only by a few days, in favor of an experiment made at the suggestion of Buffon by M. Dalibard. At Marly-la-Ville, about eighteen miles from Paris, on the road to Pontoise, M. Dalibard possessed a country-house, standing on a high plain, some four hundred feet above the sea-level. Here a wooden scaffolding was erected, supporting an iron rod eighty feet long and a little more than an inch thick. At about five feet from the ground this rod was connected with an electrical apparatus. Shortly after the whole was fixed, on May 10, 1752, (fifty-five days before the observation at Philadelphia) a thunder-storm came on. M. Dalibard was absent in Paris, but he had left the apparatus in charge of a faithful sentinel, one of his servants, an old soldier, Coiffier by name, with full instructions. Coiffier presented to the conductor an iron key with the handle bound in silk, and was thus the first human observer who drew down, by tentative means, the electric spark from the clouds. On May 13, 1752, M. Dalibard started the Academie des Sciences by reading a report of this first great experiment made as to aerial electricity. —Exchange.

THE OLD, OLD HOMESTEAD.

Off-times in memory I see the dear old homestead! Oh! how plainly in imagination the old farmhouse comes up before my mind; and those uncultivated and rock-crowned hills, the rude plain, that old maple and apple orchard, in fancy again I see. The violet and the forget-me-not, the mossy rocks, and laughing rills, the crystal spring, all these again I see, and the happy days of childhood come floating back to me again. It seemed but yesterday, that father smiled, and mother kissed her boy, in the old homestead! Oh, those sunny days of childhood, they were all too bright to last, and as I sadly think of the dear ones passed away, mother, father, sister, brother, all sleeping in those orchard graves on the old homestead, and of the thousand happy hours spent by us together, it seems that death has taken all my earthly treasures and I am left alone at last. But a voice softly floating on the evening breeze, tells me I am not alone, and in imagination I ramble over the old homestead, with the cherished love of long ago at my side. And that is it, the buds of spring, the summer flowers come and go, with their beauty teeming, but in memory never dying. So with fondly cherished ones, though in the grave we have their forms so fair, they ever in memory dwell with us. The days of childhood, the old homestead, will never be forgotten, the past to us, by mind and memory, will be renewed, the faithful birds, with varied songs, the little brooks that wind along the stream reflecting a spotless sky, and "crystal streams more fair," and the wildwoods around the old homestead where nature first her charms to me displayed, eclipsing works of human art, these to me are more precious in memory than all the gems of earth and art, rude though they be.

TEXAN SPORTS.

Sportsmen find an agreeable abiding place in Texas. On the prairies almost every kind of wild animals abound. In the north west are the wild horse, or mustang and the fierce buffalo. The deer and the antelope, the moose and the mountain goat, are plentiful, not to mention the jaguars, the wild cats, black bears, ocelots, wolves and foxes, and such smaller game as porcupines, opossums, hares, rabbits and squirrels. A special feature of wild life is the prairie dog or marmot, dwelling in holes burrowed in the ground. Their numbers are so great that the traveler may journey for days together without losing sight of them. The feathered tribe are also abundant, including birds of prey and birds of sport. There is the bald-headed eagle and the Mexican eagle, vultures, owls, hawks, wild turkeys, wild geese, prairie hens, canvas back and other ducks, teal, brant, pheasants, quails, grouse, woodcock, pigeon, partridges, snipe, plover, red birds and turtle doves. By the waters are also found the crane, the swan, the pelican, the water turkey, and the king-fisher. The smaller birds are numerous, and among them many of the most brilliant plumage, as the oriole, the parrot, the cardinal, the whippoorwill, and the sweet-toned mocking bird. Black birds abound, and wood-peckers, blue-jays, starlings, swallows, martens, and wrens. In the rivers and bays there are all the varieties of water life, from alligators to perch, pike, trout, green turtle and oysters.

MOLASSES COOKIES. Two cups and one-half of hot molasses, one cup of shortening (half butter and half lard), one teaspoonful of ginger and one of cinnamon; dissolve two teaspoonfuls of saleratus in a cup of lukewarm water, and throw in as quickly as possible; add some flour and stir a few minutes, as you would soft cake, then add more flour; mix as soft as you can conveniently, and roll out.

JOHN MASON,
WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND
BILLIARDS,
AT THE OLD STAND, MOOREHEAD, MINN.
Headquarters for Army and Missouri River
People.

EMER N. COREY,
U. S. COMMISSIONER,
Judge of Probate, and Clerk of District Court.
Office one door below Tribune Block;
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Dealer in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Jamestown, D. T.
A very full line of Groceries and Dry Goods
at satisfaction as to prices and goods guaranteed.

RACEK BROS.,
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Carriage Painting,
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DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR
is a Standard Family Remedy for
diseases of the Liver, Stomach
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Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved
Inhalant Tube, with full directions for use in all
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and all other diseases of the Throat and Lungs.
Retail Druggists throughout the United States and
Canada. Wholesale and Retail Druggists,
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McLean & Macnider

Wholesale Grocers,

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Steamboat and Freighters' Supplies.

Agents for All Kinds of Improved Farm Machinery. Sole Agents for the SCHLITZ Milwaukee Export Beer.

REAPERS

The McCormick Harvesting Machine Co.

Manufacturers of
Harvesters,
Binders,
Reapers,
Mowers,
AND
Droppers.

OFFICE AND WORKS: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

The McCormick Imperial

This is the Latest Improved, the Strongest Built, the Smoothest Running, and the Most Thorough Working Combined Reaper and Mower in the market. It has two bars, one five feet cut for Reaping, and the other four feet cut for Mowing. It is a Complete Machine in every respect, and commands the praise of the Farming Public on sight.

The McCormick Iron Mower

Is a 4-foot Front Cut, Jointed Bar, Iron Frame Machine, and weighs, complete, ready for the field, 550 pounds. It is very Light of Draft, is built of the Best of Material, and is Warranted to be very durable. Farmers wanting to buy the Latest Improved and Best Mower in the world, should be sure to see it.

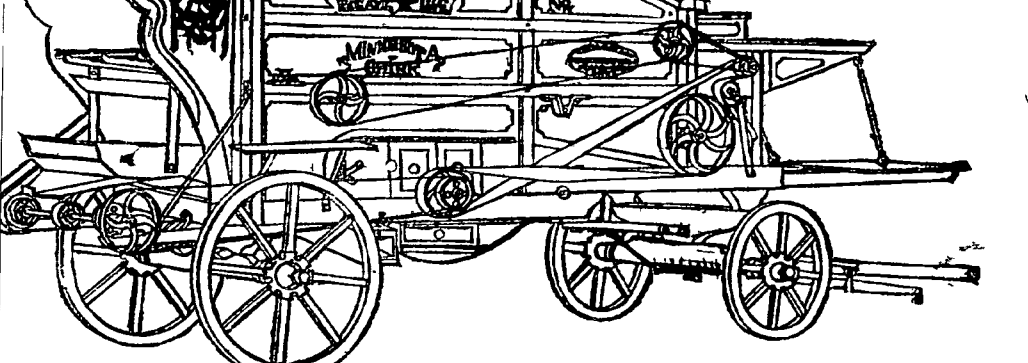
THE McCORMICK Self-Binding Harvester

Is the only Reliable and Perfect-working Harvester and Self-Binder in the market. With it one man and a good team of Horses, can cut and bind an Acre of Grain per hour. It is the greatest Grain and Labor-Saving Machine of the age. Farmers with large grain crops should be sure to examine into its merits.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.
McLean & Macnider, Agents, Bismarck, Dakota.
M. SHEEHAN, Gen. Agt., Fargo, Dakota.

HARVESTING MACHINERY

The Chief of Threshers!



THE MINNESOTA CHIEF,

MANUFACTURED BY
SEYMOUR, SABIN & CO.,
STILLWATER, MINN.

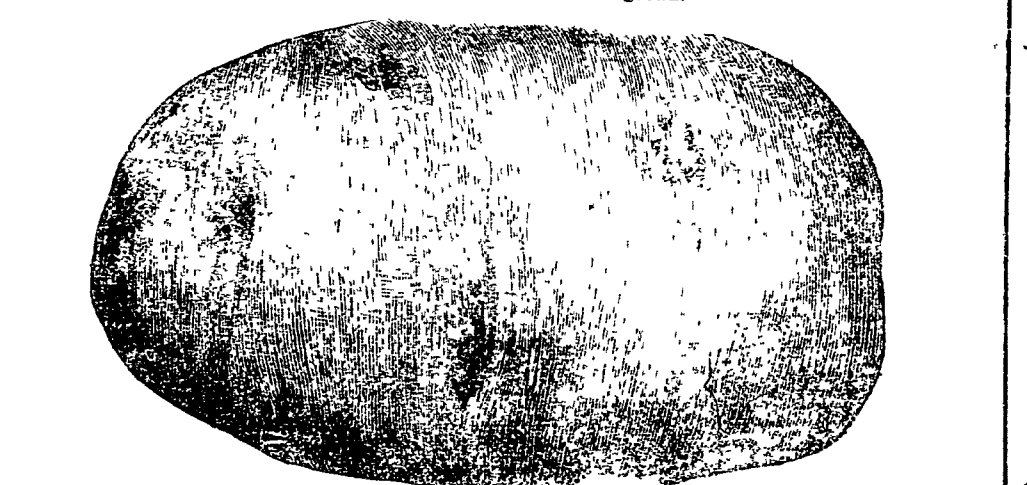
It is neither a Vibrator nor an Apron Machine, But far surpasses either in all the essential requisites of a perfect thresher. IT IS WONDERFUL IN ITS SIMPLICITY. It is easy of management, light running, capable of very rapid threshing, as the Separating Table and Sieves will take care of all that can be passed the Cylinder. In separating and cleaning it excels all others. It threshes everything a farmer has to thresh—Wheat, Rye, Oats, Barley, Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover and Peas. It handles Flax and Timothy nearly as rapidly as grain, requiring no change of parts, except Sieves, and cleans them fit for market. With its Clover Attachment it threshes Clover fully equal to any Hauler. If you want the LIGHTEST RUNNING, the BEST GRAIN CLEANING, the GREATEST GRAIN SAVING, the FASTEST SEED THRESHING, and LEAST EXPENSIVE Machine in the Market, buy "The Minnesota Chief." We also manufacture the Improved Pitts Power, the Improved Woodbury & Edwards Equalizing Horse Power, and a Superior Chain Equalizer for all Powers. Send for Pamphlets, Engine Circulars and Price List.

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Choice Wines and Cigars always in Stock.
E. Drewey's Celebrated
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Always on Draught. Opposite the Post Office.
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Mixed Paints Always on Hand.
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FOR FARM, VEGETABLE, AND FLOWER GARDENS.
CORN—Dent and Flint, several varieties. Grass Seeds, all kinds. Potatoes—50 varieties, Early and Late. Onions—Early, White, Red, and Black. Artichokes—Red, Green, and White. Beans—Early, Medium, and Late. Cane, Southern green. Trees—Fruit, Shade, Ornamental, Evergreen and small fruits, a fine assortment, all Northern grown. White Willow and Lombardy Poplar Cuttings. Plants—A very fine collection of Green House and Early Vegetable Plants, including all the newest and best grown.



BEAUTY OF HEBRON.
Catalogues with Prices

POLE AT THE NORTH

THE HOWGATE EXPEDITION BOUND FOR THAT POINT.

Lieut. Doane and His Hardy Men—
Lobbying Under a Scientific
Cover—Probable Failure
of the Scheme.

THE CRUISE OF THE GULNAH.

During the past century at intervals of but few years, expeditions have been sent out by different countries, principally England, next Germany and Holland, and a few from the United States, having as an object the finding of that elusory, the "north pole." The public pulse has been excited with interest and anxiety at the announcement of each fresh expedition until their frequent occurrence has caused but little attention to be given them except by scientific men. The many fruitless attempts accompanied by loss of life and hardships have had a tendency to dampen the ardor of public interest in the effort of the expedition. A few years ago the "Polaris" was used on an expedition to the Arctic region under the command of Capt. Peary, and a few years ago a crew consisting of men that had been sent to the north seas. This expedition was to establish a line of relief station whereby supplies could be accumulated and a gradual but sure advance to the polar end of the earth's axis made. The "Polaris" started the first of such expeditions and was followed by a number of others. The famous Esquimaux, for instance, were an expedition of this kind. Two years ago Capt. Howgate succeeded in making an expedition and sent out the "Gulnah" to the same station on the Arctic coast. The "Gulnah" was a small vessel, and the expedition was not very successful. The "Gulnah" was a small vessel, and the expedition was not very successful. The "Gulnah" was a small vessel, and the expedition was not very successful.

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the fastest of competing lines. Passengers leaving here at 5.15 P. M. reach Washington the next evening, the run being made in less than twenty-eight hours, without change of cars of any class. An immense amount of work has been done upon the track, a large force of men being still distributed along the entire line. The Janney, the latest, and by many of the leading rail road men declared the best of all coupler platforms, has just been introduced upon the passenger equipment of the B. & O., which by the way is of the finest run out of this city. The company, as is well known, owns its own dining stations, and these have recently been extensively renovated and placed under the immediate supervision of the Gale Bros., old and well known hotel men. The B. & O. has evidently determined to hold its own out of Chicago and the west generally, and certainly the travelling public will not be slow to appreciate the advantage offered. By this new order of things Baltimore also gains greatly at all its eastern points, reaching Philadelphia, New York and Boston at the same time as the fastest trains of other roads.

Government Enterprise.

Mr. C. S. Deering, contractor for the construction of the government telegraph line, left for Walla Walla this morning by way of San Francisco. Mr. Deering goes out to superintend the building of the government line through Idaho and over the Rocky Mountains, connecting on this side with the extension west from Missoula, Montana. The government has a net work of wire through Washington Territory and Oregon and by this connection will have a complete circuit from Washington, D. C. to the Pacific coast, and along the coast from Vancouver to San Diego, lower California. O. G. Flood has charge of the construction west from Missoula until met by Mr. Deering's party. The government line is kept in first-class repair and working order, but little trouble being experienced in transmitting messages over the 2,000 miles of frontier wire. These repairs are paid for out of the office receipts. It would be greatly to the credit of the line between Bismarck and St. Paul if as much could be said of it. Mr. Deering is one of the best managers in the business. It is stated by reliable disinterested parties that he is handicapped by the Milwaukee office. Mr. Haskins' reputation as a telegraph man is engendered by the little attention the Milwaukee office pays to this important circuit.

LETTER LIST.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining uncollected for Bismarck (D. T.) postoffice for week ending June 1, 1890:

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.
Alden John
Bennett G.
Bates J. A.
Bellevue L. H.
Barnes M. H.
Byron P.
Bundy Thos. T.
Crae Benj.
Dennis J. M.
Dennis Richard
Ellis Franklin
Fay Edward
Fleming J. S.
Fleming John
Gibson George
Goss John S.
Grace James
Hart David
Hatch J. Frank
Harvey J. P.
Hansen John
Hock Poly
Hendley Thos.
James Ned
Held for postage and better directions.
Mrs. New York Weekly Pub. Co.
Mrs. Richard Cunnely, Windsor Mills, Canada E.
Mrs. Alice Cusick, Easton Min.
Beckman Hulda
Beckman Miss Rigen
Shields Mrs. Annie B.
Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say "advertised."
C. A. LOUGHEED, P. M.

LADIES' LIST.
Shannon Mrs. B. A.
Schiffman Miss Louise
Salisbury Mrs. May E.
Woodruff Mrs.
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C. A. LOUGHEED, P. M.

Fence Your Lots.
Illustrated Catalogue with Price List, descriptive of all styles of Fence (wood or iron), manufactured by *Wm. F. Faine*, Agent.
Chas. F. Faine, Agent.
Bismarck.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SOLDIERS
that will be the advance guard of the command. Lieut. A. W. Greely, a gentleman of much ability and well known at Bismarck, at present in the chief signal office, will also accompany the vessel and be in command. Lieut. Doane having waived his seniority. The latter officer was at the Sheridan House last week arriving by the Helena from Fort Assiniboine. He said Capt. Howgate had \$100,000 invested in the scheme and that the government will not fail to supply the funds as long as United States troops are connected with the expedition and in camp in the Arctic regions. Plenty of volunteers were found to enter the service, one company sergeant who gave up his chevrons in order to go having been offered \$500 for his privilege by another soldier. The "Gulnah" will sail between the first and fifth of June, and it is safe to predict that the "boys" will wish they had their

"BACON AND BEANS"
instead of seal oil and blubber and that sergeant will sigh for his stripes and the \$500 ere another year. As long as the appropriations pass men may be sent out to strengthen the colony, but as it is impossible for any one to get acclimated to the higher latitudes, there are more chances of those that live through the frigid winter of the polar regions being sent for by the government, than of an additional detail of men being sent to reinforce them. Capt. Howgate will continue to disburse the funds of the signal corps with his accustomed ability and patiently await the outcome of this last effort to place his name among the Stanleys, Schiemans, Franklins and Jules Vernes.

THE B. & O. FAST TRAINS.
Eleven Hours Quicker to Washington than Any Other Line.
(Chicago Tribune.)
The new fast train on the Baltimore and Ohio goes on to-day, and will, doubtless, at once become the popular line to Washington and the east, as it is no less than eleven hours quicker between this city and the National Capitol than the fastest train by any other line. It is the only train out of Chicago by which Washington can be reached with but one night on the road, while its time to New York and Boston is the same as that made by

the fastest of competing lines. Passengers leaving here at 5.15 P. M. reach Washington the next evening, the run being made in less than twenty-eight hours, without change of cars of any class. An immense amount of work has been done upon the track, a large force of men being still distributed along the entire line. The Janney, the latest, and by many of the leading rail road men declared the best of all coupler platforms, has just been introduced upon the passenger equipment of the B. & O., which by the way is of the finest run out of this city. The company, as is well known, owns its own dining stations, and these have recently been extensively renovated and placed under the immediate supervision of the Gale Bros., old and well known hotel men. The B. & O. has evidently determined to hold its own out of Chicago and the west generally, and certainly the travelling public will not be slow to appreciate the advantage offered. By this new order of things Baltimore also gains greatly at all its eastern points, reaching Philadelphia, New York and Boston at the same time as the fastest trains of other roads.

Government Enterprise.
Mr. C. S. Deering, contractor for the construction of the government telegraph line, left for Walla Walla this morning by way of San Francisco. Mr. Deering goes out to superintend the building of the government line through Idaho and over the Rocky Mountains, connecting on this side with the extension west from Missoula, Montana. The government has a net work of wire through Washington Territory and Oregon and by this connection will have a complete circuit from Washington, D. C. to the Pacific coast, and along the coast from Vancouver to San Diego, lower California. O. G. Flood has charge of the construction west from Missoula until met by Mr. Deering's party. The government line is kept in first-class repair and working order, but little trouble being experienced in transmitting messages over the 2,000 miles of frontier wire. These repairs are paid for out of the office receipts. It would be greatly to the credit of the line between Bismarck and St. Paul if as much could be said of it. Mr. Deering is one of the best managers in the business. It is stated by reliable disinterested parties that he is handicapped by the Milwaukee office. Mr. Haskins' reputation as a telegraph man is engendered by the little attention the Milwaukee office pays to this important circuit.

LETTER LIST.
LIST OF LETTERS remaining uncollected for Bismarck (D. T.) postoffice for week ending June 1, 1890:

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.
Alden John
Bennett G.
Bates J. A.
Bellevue L. H.
Barnes M. H.
Byron P.
Bundy Thos. T.
Crae Benj.
Dennis J. M.
Dennis Richard
Ellis Franklin
Fay Edward
Fleming J. S.
Fleming John
Gibson George
Goss John S.
Grace James
Hart David
Hatch J. Frank
Harvey J. P.
Hansen John
Hock Poly
Hendley Thos.
James Ned
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BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. H. MARSHALL,
Manufacturer and Dealer in

Boots and Shoes,

Gloves, Hosiery, Trunks, Valises, Etc.

GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given orders by mail.

76 MAIN STREET.

GROCERIES

M. P. SLATTERY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Crockery, Flour AND FEED.

No. 24 N. Third-st., Bismarck.

SAMPLE ROOMS

JOS. FOX,
Proprietor

FERRY SALOON,
Point Pleasant, D. T.

Parties driving out from Bismarck will find this a pleasant resort.

The only licensed saloon at the "Point."

HANNIFIN'S HALL
(18 NORTH FOURTH ST.)

CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Best Bar-tender either side of Rocky Mountains.

Headquarters for the "Old Time Boys" and rising sports.

Call and see the crowd

GEO. ELDER,
Proprietor

"O. F. C." SALOON,
14 North 4th Street.

First-Class Liquors and best brands of Cigars. Centrally located and the popular resort of the Boys.

ASA FISHER,
Wholesale Dealer in

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Main-st., opp. Sheridan House.

Sole Agent for Val Blatz' Milwaukee Premium Export Lager Beer.

CAPITOL SALOON,
No. 62, Main Street.

Freighters' and Contractors' Headquarters.

Best Stocked Bar in the City.

All kinds of games, new pool and billiard tables etc. Pleasantest place in the city to spend the evening. Open day and night.
GRIFFIN & ROBERTS.

GROCERIES

WM. GITSCHKA,
Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Candy, Fruit, Crockery Glass Ware

and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office.

HARDWARE

GEORGE PEOPLES,
Dealer in

HARDWARE,

No. 48 Main Street.

Keep constantly on hand a complete line of Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Etc., and agents for all kinds of Farm Machinery

STEAMBOAT TRADE A SPECIALTY.

HARDWARE

D. I. BAILEY & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

General Hardware

Farm Machinery, Stoves, Etc., Etc.

Manufacturers of

Tinware and Housefurnishing Goods.

84, MAIN ST., BISMARCK, D. T.

TAILOR.

E. SCHIFFLER,
FINE

Merchant Tailor

No. 86 Main St., Bismarck, D. T.,

A Selection of both Foreign and Domestic Cloths. Repairing Neatly Done.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

MACHINERY.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

"VIBRATOR"

Thrashing Machinery and Portable and Traction Engines.

THE STANDARD of excellence throughout the Great West. For Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, Perfect Threshing, and Thorough Work. INCOMPARABLE in Quality of Material, Perfection of Parts, Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, and Beauty of Model. MARVELOUS for really superior work in all kinds of Grain, and universally known as the only successful Thrasher in the West. Threshing, Clover, and all other Seeds. PORTABLE TRACTION, and STRAW-BURNING STEAM-ENGINES, with special features of Power, Durability, Safety, Economy, and Beauty entirely unknown in other makes. Steep Six to twelve horse power; also two styles Improved Mounted Horse Powers. Thirty-Two Years of Prosperous and Continuous Business by this house, without change of name, from its original location, is a strong guarantee for a superior good, and honorable dealing. CAUTION! The world-famous success and popularity of this 7-horse power Machinery has drawn other imitations to the wall; hence various styles are now attempting to imitate and pass off as our own. We call on our customers to be careful and not be deceived. NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

FURNISHING GOODS, ETC

JOHN LUDEWIG,
DEALER IN

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, FURNISHING GOODS, Groceries Provisions, Tobaccos, Cigars & Smokers' Goods. GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Main Street, Bismarck, D. T.

New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourselves.

CARRIAGE WORKS.

Bismarck Carriage Works.

I wish to inform the Public that I have opened a

FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE SHOP,
FIFTH ST., NEAR MEIGS

Where I am prepared to do all kinds of Light and Heavy Work.

Horse-Shoeing in all its Branches.

ALL GOVERNMENT WORK ATTENDED TO.

CARRIAGE SIGN PAINTING.
Repairs promptly attended to.
S. J. COOPER.

FURNITURE

J. C. CADY.
Furniture, Metallic and Wood Caskets, Picture Frames, Brackets, Etc., Trunks and Grip-Sacks.

CRADLES AND BABY CARRIAGES A SPECIALTY

No. 19 NORTH THIRD ST., BISMARCK, D. T.

SHIRTS.

TAKE NOTICE.
Shirts, Shirts, Shirts.

Having had fifteen years experience in the shirt business I guarantee a perfect fit to all persons who will be so kind as to call and leave their measure. Shirts turned out on short notice for \$1.75 up. Third St., next door to Mrs. Lee Millinery.

MRS. JANE COOPER

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MRS. JANE COOPER

"STRIKE WHILE THE IRON'S HOT."

Strike while the iron's hot!
Strike—and with a will;
He is no skillful smith;
Who lets the iron chill.
Ere the iron hardens, strike
Shape it to what shape you like,
To the scythe or knife or sword,
To slay or heal or mow the sword.

Strike while the iron's hot;
Strike with hand and heart;
Quickly turn the bar.
And smite on every part.
Bring the sledge down with a swing
Till it makes the anvil ring.
So great master workmen wrought
So struck the iron while 'twas hot.

So, when the time is ripe
To act, or think or say,
The precious moment seize
Before it pass away.
Shape the action to your ends,
As the smith the iron bends.
Let the word and let the thought
Promptly into deed be wrought.

Strike while the iron's hot;
Or do not strike at all.
Strokes the cold bar with break,
Not fashion when they fall.
If you're slow in arm and brain,
All your labor will be vain.
The quick of head and quick of hand
May rise from serving to command.

PERILS OF THE RAIL.

Yarns Spun by Two Railway Engineers.

Several years ago I was an attentive listener to two old Erie engineers, "Jackey" Westervelt and "Abe" Carpenter, who were comparing notes about the perilous adventures they had previously had while running on the road. Both of these engineers were widely known, and both are now dead, the former dying of consumption, and the latter by being struck on the head by a plank projecting from a car of lumber in a passenger train between Goshen and Chester. At the time these well-known engineers were running the opposite sides of the "regular coal" between Port Jervis and this city, their trains being the first to bring coal to tide-water here at the then new works of the Pennsylvania Coal Company. Both were good conversationalists, and the stories related were remarkable and interesting. Both were seated in the cab at Westervelt's "mogul," the six-wheeled locomotive, 248, one of the first hard-coal "moguls" placed upon the road, and which was then undergoing repairs at the Port Jervis shop. Carpenter's engine was 249, a companion engine of the same class. The most thrilling part of the story-telling was when he turned upon the numerous objects—such as horses and wagons, cows, fowls, sheep, hogs and people—they had, during their experience as engineers encountered upon the track, while running over the road.

"That was," said Carpenter, "probably the closest shave that I ever had from going down the bank when I struck that drove of cows just this side of the second bridge west of Salisbury, on the Newburg branch. There was a dozen or fifteen of them, and all were on the track. I had a train of twenty loaded coal dumps behind me, and was blazing away the best '49 knox now, to get over Pine Hill without stalling. I had a good start over the straight line just west, and when we poked our nose around the curve between that and the bridge I was going with the heavy train all of twenty-five miles an hour. As we turned to the left, the fireman seen the cattle first, and in a sudden burst of the worst fright I ever see, he shrieked, 'My God, Abe! see what's on the track! Shut off, quick!' I took the situation in at a glance, and see that I was too far on top of 'em to stop so I pulled her out, and hit 'em as hard as I could. Of course 'twas the best thing I could do to knock 'em off, and not let 'em get under us; so we went through 'em like a pistol-ball would go through 'em. Horses flew one way, hogs another, tools were like meteors flying through the air, and when we pulled up to see who would get the finest set of bones with which to adorn the engine and memorize the occasion, as well as the nicest chuck-steak, there were fourteen down the bank—seven on each side. Some had their heads partly off, some their legs broken, and the rest were badly mangled, so that all but two had to be killed. My engine was a little besmeared, but no damage done. It was a fortunate crack I gave, for if any one of 'em had gone under, down the bank we'd a went sure, and a thundering big wreck made."

"That reminds me," said Westervelt, "of the time I ploughed through that big flock of sheep, other side of the Otter-hill crossing. I was going down the grade east of Goshen with a full loaded train, and a good clip, making, I should think, thirty miles an hour. There was at least forty or fifty of the fleecy animals, and I didn't think they were dangerous to hit, and couldn't stop if I did, I just let her whiz, and looked out to see which way they went. 'Twas the most novel sight I ever see. One of 'em I noticed went clean through a rail fence, and took the fence with it. Another one I see strike a big rock, and I tell you he flattened out like some of the copper pennies the boys put on the track for us to run over. But the most of them took wings and upward they went, some twenty and more forty feet high. You'd think it was raining sheep to see them come down. They were strewn all around the road and fields adjoining the track, and the owner, when he found them, must have thought a dynamite mine must have blew 'em up."

"This spot is where poor Carpenter afterward lost his life, as above stated, by being struck by a plank on a passing train. 'Telling of going through this drove of sheep, at this crossing," continued Jackey, "calls to mind—indeed I can never forget it—the time I ran into that horse and wagon, with a man and two ladies in it, at the crossing between Greycourt and Oxford. It was the most harrowing spectacle I ever witnessed on the road and God forbid that I shall ever see another one. I was westward bound down that Oxford grade, one of the worst on the road, with a full train of empties, and going like the dickens. All of a sudden my eyes lit on the man trying to get his horse over before I reached him. I blew and tooted, and rang the bell, and as I neared him my heart went up. The horse balked or was frightened, I don't know which, and for once I admit I lost my balance. My nerves completely left me, and I was as helpless as a child. I knew I couldn't stop that big train I had behind, but I called for brakes and reversed, with the hope of averting the calamity; but 'twas no use. I was certain I was going to kill every

one in the wagon, and the horse, too, and when I hit them I swooned. 'Twas the most terrible experience I ever had since I ran an engine. The two ladies seemed as if charmed, and were perfectly unconscious of their great danger, while the man was beating the animal in a fearful way to get him to pull across out of the way. They all had their eyes riveted on the train, and although it was running them down every second faster and faster, not one of them made a move to jump from the wagon. When I struck them they had not moved a step from the spot where I first saw them.

"When the train stopped I got settled but could hardly recall what I had just seen. My fireman said, 'Let's go back and see if they are killed; but I couldn't stand it, and didn't go back. It turned out happily that the only one killed was the horse that balked. When the engine hit him he was directly between the two rails, and being struck with such force, he broke loose from the wagon and was sent twenty feet in the air, landing in the culvert with his neck broken, and mutilated in a horrible manner. The man and the two ladies were more frightened, like myself, than hurt. They were all pitched with the wagon into the gutter on the side of the track, and beyond being roughly handled and receiving several scratches and bruises, nothing serious befell them. O, yes, I forgot—the man's arm was broken. The nearest house was opened to them, and we went on, I being unstrung and hardly capable of running the rest of the trip. I tell you I will never forget that experience, and several times since it happened the horrible sights has come to me in my dreams."

"Well," put in Carpenter, "I have never killed a human being yet, but we can't tell how soon we will. The nearest I ever came to it was at the time I struck the tramp between Howell's and Middletown some time ago, and as I was able to nearly stop before I reached him, I only gave him a light rap, so light that he only got a leg broken, and a small scalp wound, both of which he soon got over, after being taken to the county-house. But did ever I tell you about the brood of geese I struck at Sloatsburg once?" continued "Abe." That was a funny mishap, and I laughed over it lots of times. You know geese are like old hens when in front of wagon or train—cunning, and ready to jump out of the way just in the nick of time. These geese were sure "gooses" this time, for they didn't budge; like the women you speak of, Jackey, "gooses," they seemed to be enchanted and charmed. There was probably fifty of 'em. But I knew they couldn't do any harm if there'd been fifty million of 'em, I let her out a screw or two on the throttle, just to see them fly. You'd ought to see them.

"'Twas just fun. Some of them went up forty or fifty feet. They went up on all sides and you would think a lot of boys were snowballing my engine. Two of them lit down in the coal in the tender, and one came whizzing in the cab-window. My fireman and I had roast goose for dinner that day, and each took one goose home. The engine was covered with blood, geese and feathers, and from her appearance you'd surely think 'Mother Goose' had been picking that day."

"You know, 'Abe,' the day I hoisted up George Haggerty's caboose several years ago, and came near killing poor old George?" "Well," continued Jackey, "that wasn't much of an adventure, so I'll tell you what Tom Wilmoth, who used to run on the Susquehanna division, once told me about chasing for miles a herd of horses. He said he overtook them one day on a straight level stretch seven miles long, and instead of being frightened on the track with the whistle and bell, up went their ears, and straight ahead they bolted. Tom said he was traveling all of it not more than thirty miles an hour. He had a light freight train, and of course was violating the rules of the road at that speed, but as he had to make a station ahead of a first-class train, he had to slip along lively to do it. He couldn't slack up speed a bit, for if he did he'd hold the first-class. So, with blowing every quarter minute, he kept on, with the horses on a clear run ahead of him. He said he ran that flat stretch for miles and miles, and every little while the horses, as if angry at the wonderful speed he was making them grow, threw up their tails defiantly and kicked up their heels furiously, just like they invariably do in an open field when you run by them. Tom said it was truly wonderful how they kept ahead on the track for at least six miles, and only went off the track when a bridge was reached, over which they could not go. Part of them went off one side and the rest on the other side and then he went on and telegraphed back to the nearest office to send out trackmen to put them off the track if possible before the express came along. Fortunately the express was a little late, and they got out of the way in time. Tom also said that the horses were as wet and white with foam as if they had just been lathered with soap. He didn't believe deer could do what those horses did, and he always did recommend the owners of running horses, if they wanted to get railroad speed out of their runners, to frighten them good with a locomotive whistle and bell, and they'd clean the track."

"O, that's nothing," facetiously remarked Carpenter. "Jule Parker once told me about his running after a two full-grown bucks on a Southern railroad." Parker was a chivalrous dare-devil Southern engineer when running the lightning express on the eastern division of the Erie. "Eh," said Carpenter went on to relate, "that a pair of bucks suddenly bounded upon the track from a thick woods, and so frightened were they from the roar of the approaching train that they started down the track not more than twenty feet in front of the engine. Parker put on all the steam his boiler would make, and carried his train along at break-neck speed, but, in spite of his fireman's efforts, he could not turn his driver fast enough to overtake the fleet deer. He never said how fast he was running at the time, but I knew the man, and when he told that he was going at 'break neck speed' we can imagine something about it. The road was a splendid one for speed. It was mostly new; the bed was in prime order, but notwithstanding his engine chafed up fuel as fast as his fireman could feed it to her, he could not run the deer down. It looks astounding, but he said he chased

them after a run of ten miles into a village. There they left the track, ran up and down the streets as wild as crows, and scared the people into spasms; but before doing any serious harm they were shot and captured. Parker said he greatly enjoyed the venison steaks that were afterward presented to him by an old bootmaker sixty years old who was the lucky shot."

"Did you ever hear 'Hughie' Williamson tell of his adventure at Washington, on the Newburg branch?" asked Carpenter. Williamson is another known no-danger runner, and is now on the road. Fisk selected him because of his courage to run the relief train. "Well," he went to say, "that was a rarity, and one that seldom occurs. Williamson was in Newburg when he was telegraphed to run to Greycourt to assist in pulling a big six-wheeler on the track that had run off a switch and couldn't get back herself, as they sometimes do, you know. Of course time was an important thing as the engine that was off blocked up the westward-bound main track. He started from Newburg with nothing but his engine, and, having a clear road, you can just bet he flew. He left the rails echoing behind him a never-ending waterfall. The station agent at Vail's gate rushed out wild with fright, thinking it was a runaway engine, nobody on it. All Salisbury Mills, the population of which village is but a few feet from the track rushed out of their houses utterly dismayed and unable to believe their own eyes. They thought it was a spectre, which they could not describe, so suddenly did it appear and as quickly vanish again from sight. Over the Washingtonville flats the gait was so rapid the telegraph poles looked like blades of grass, they were so thick. After turning the curves at the Washington Station Hugh espied a hand-car full of track-hands, rails, tools, and so forth. They had no sign of a flag out, and did not expect any thing along. He immediately concluded that he could not stop in time, so he only blew his whistle to warn the men to jump off. There was a dozen of 'em, and they had a wonderful narrow escape. He picked up that hand-car, rails and all, and sent 'em flyin' in the air in all directions. A low hand-car with rails on it pointing right at you is the most dangerous thing you can possibly hit, but the rails this time, instead of piercing every part of the boiler and engine, swerved off and did little injury. The dinner-kettles of the laborers flew up like popcorn on a frying-pan, and crowbars, shovels, pick-axes, tamping-bars and spikes, made a complete kaleidoscope in the air. One of the axels of the car to which was attached one wheel bounded over the smokestack and came crashing through the cab window on the fireman's side, who was nearly killed in his great hurry to get out of the way. The most of the car landed on the front of the engine, and before 'Hughie' could stop he had carried it through one of those old fashioned covered bridges nearly a quarter of a mile off. In all my experience," concluded Carpenter, "I don't think I ever heard tell of such a miraculous escape as 'Hughie' had. He must have been going through the air like an electric current when he couldn't stop an empty engine before hitting such a dangerous thing."

"Claude Melnotte in Real Life." Mrs. Hooper writes to the Philadelphia Telegraph: I was recently told by a young French gentleman (the son of the Prefect of La Rochelle) one of the strangest romances of real life that ever came to my knowledge. Some four years ago a peasant boy who lived on a farm near the town of Clermont-Ferrand saw and fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a gentleman of good fortune and position, he being at that time seventeen years of age and the young lady just sixteen. This new Claude Melnotte was so madly in love that he went straight to the house of the young girl's parents and demanded her hand in marriage. The father treated the preposterous proposition with good-natured scorn. "Come back when you have an income of \$40,000 (200,000 francs)," was his answer, and then we will see about it." The infatuated youth took him at his word, and forthwith set to work.

Now one of the peculiarities of the town of Clermont-Ferrand is a scarcity of water. There is no river near it, so it relies for its water supply on springs and wells. Under these circumstances a spring is a valuable piece of property and commands a relatively high price. So the young peasant lover set off for an adjacent mountain, there to search for hidden springs. My informant said that he had honeycombed the whole side of the mountain with his works, constructing at one point a tunnel over two miles in length. All this was executed with his own hands. He works from dawn to dark, lives upon potatoes of his own and never spends so much as a sou upon a mug of beer. Every Sunday he goes to mass in the town, after which he proceeds to the house of his lady-love, to ask if she is married or likely to be. On receiving a response in the negative he plods contentedly homeward, and starts out afresh to his toil on the morrow. This life has continued now for full four years. Up to the present time he has discovered three important springs, each of which he has sold for \$5,000, but, though now possessed of what for a man in his condition of life is wealth, he abates none of the hardships of existence.

He has one fixed idea, namely, to become the possessor of a fortune sufficient to enable him to claim the hand of the object of his blind passion. Yet no one who knows the parties even imagines that the young lady will ever consent to marry him. She is now twenty years of age, and pretty, refined and accomplished; while he is a coarse, unlettered peasant, without even physical completeness, as he is short and thickset, with a broad and solid countenance. What will be the end of his dream, I wonder? My informant told me that the story was true in every particular: he had himself visited the works, and entered the curious tunnel, and been presented to this new Jacob, willing to serve even then seven years for his Rachel.

There is a proposition at Kokomo looking to the dissolution of the charter of the city and a return to a village form of government, in order to reduce expenses and pay the public debt.

"Prophet, Curse Me the Blabbing Lip!"

The mischief that an idle tongue can do is a sum past calculation. For, as the apostle says, a little matter kindles a great fire, and the spark is dropped by that idle tongue, without a thought of consequences, which sends the conflagration far and wide. That there are people too close-mouthed for any comfort in their society is not to be denied, but better is the strictest and surest reserve than that loosely-briddled habit of speech which never pauses for a second thought, and deals havoc right and left, although it may be with no unkind intention. Probably it would be good for people possessed of this habit to recollect that it is only the wings of a gnat that flap fifteen thousand times in a second.

These blabbing lips, as Tenneyson calls them, will undergo a sort of classification in three different orders: one that thinks absolute frankness and truthfulness can be maintained only by always telling all one knows about everything, whether it is the listener's business or not, and that to keep anything to one's self is a *suppression*; another who talks on the impulse, and without taking the trouble to think if it is best to speak or be silent, although always good-natured; and a third who talks for the sake of talking, and reveals maliciously, enviously, revengefully, in spreading evil report. The first is a very gossip in all simplicity, an individual too frequently of transparent folly, a well of information where every neighbor "pumps"; the last sometimes adds a spice to life by the peculiarly pungent way of looking at things and reporting them, and both of them are known for what they are; and so although the harm they do is immense, it is not so unfathomable as that of the second, or the impulsive and purely idle and thoughtless tongue.

If everybody with whom one talks knew all the co-relations of things, and could weigh trifles at their worth, and had no biases, prejudices, or rancors, it might not do so much mischief for one to flaunt the virtue of unrestricted frankness; but as that presupposes a universal omniscience and infinite benevolence which do not belong to humanity, it is impossible to tell all one knows either with wisdom or righteousness; and there is always a root of selfishness and love of pleasure at the base of this order of talk, to say nothing of the flagrant disregard of the rule of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you, manifested both by the singularly frank and the singularly malicious talker. And if everybody were of saint-like kindness, the venom of the malicious talker would roll off innocently as dew rolls off a cabbage leaf. But as these are the only conditions under which either of these two talkers last alluded to might display their powers freely, and these conditions are impossible, it follows that silence would better become them.

But we can imagine no circumstances under which it would be best for the thoughtless talker to have unrestricted play. The use of the tongue, like all our other gifts, is something God-given, and as such is sacred. We have no right to play the profligate with it; and there is even a species of profanity in its thoughtless use. The drop of water that drips from the fingers to the palm unfelt falls like a bullet down the deep shaft of the mine; and the word launched into infinity acquires more force with every moment of passing time. Professor Youmans tells us that "we may easily hear the song of a little bird five hundred feet above us; but before that note could have traveled to our ears it must have filled with wave pulsations a sphere of air one thousand feet in diameter, or have thrown into agitation nearly eighteen tons of atmospheric gases." And if such things are true concerning merely material and physical affairs, how great is the growing momentum of the meaning of every spoken word!

Certain philosophers hold that each material object in the universe, has its spiritual correspondence or counterpart, like that of the body and its ghost. And, thus if the word, it sound, be the material thing, the significance of that word, the effect of that sound, disturbs with its vibrations the spiritual atmosphere. If the hunter in the frozen air of the upper Alps, as we are told, bounds from peak to peak, speechless and silent, lest any sound he makes should dislodge the avalanche, and hurl all about and below to destruction, it would seem as if the most empty-headed babbling might have as much thought concerning the disastrous consequences of the echoing and re-echoing of idle words—consequences that may dislodge lives from their happy ways, and ruin souls. Doubtless, if they paused to think of this, as well as of the next word they said, the poet would cease to find a cause for his mad roar to cry out so wildly, "Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip!"

Doctor and Patient. A young physician passed the summer at Long Branch some years ago. While there the daughter of a wealthy New Yorker was rescued from the ocean in a drowning condition. She was placed on the beach insensible and lifeless, and the doctor being summoned, worked over her for several hours, finally having the satisfaction of seeing her restored to consciousness and life, much to the joy of her agonizing parents. She was saved, but nothing was said about paying the young, deserving and successful physician. The father, instead of calling the doctor into his room, at the West End Hotel, and giving him a check for \$50 or \$100, allowed the season to slip in silence. At last the doctor was forced to send in his bill. It was for the modest sum of \$200. The father objected to paying so much, and a suit had to be begun to recover this amount. There is a great difference in people. The past season Mr. Mollier of New York, telegraphed from Florida for Dr. F. Seeger to come at once, to attend his daughter, who was very ill. The doctor hastened to Florida, was gone eighteen days, and had the good fortune to restore the lady to health. As a token of his appreciation and gratitude, he gave Dr. Seeger a check for \$5,000, and the young lady made him many presents besides. No many years ago a wealthy resident of New York took Dr. Van Buren to Europe with him. He paid all his expenses, he lived in a royal manner while abroad; and when the doctor got back to New

York he was presented with a check for \$10,000! We leave the reader to adorn the tale and point the moral regarding these medical men and their patients.

BANKS' BABIES.

I was detained over Sunday in Barnsbury, and on Sunday morning I resolved to go to church. The first church I came to, a small frame structure with a wooden steeple, had the doors and windows tightly shut, but there was a man on the front steps whittling a stick, and I said to him: "Are you connected with this church?" "Yes," he said, "I'm the sexton."

"What is it closed for?" "Well, mostly on account of Banks' babies."

"Sit down, and I'll tell you about it. You know Banks; he came to this town to live a few weeks ago, a perfect stranger, and he rented a pew in this church. It seems that Banks had three little bits of babies, triplets, not more'n 2 months old, and then, besides these, he had twins about a year old. So nobody knew about the babies, but Banks wanted to have the little darlings baptized, and he allowed to Mrs. Banks that to rush the whole five babies into church on one Sunday morning might excite remark, you understand. So he settled that he'd have 'em christened gradually, so to speak. Accordingly, the next Sunday he fetched little Jimmy, one of the triplets, and all went off well enough. On the following Sunday he came a promenadin' up the aisle with George Washington, another triplet, and Dr. Binns, our preacher, he fixed him up all right. People thought it was queer, but when, on the next Sunday mornin', Banks and his wife come into church with another baby, William Henry, crying like a Pawnee war-whoop, some of the folks couldn't help smickin'."

"Howsoever, nobody complained, and all might have been well if Banks hadn't come along the Sunday after with Elijah Huntsler Banks, one of the twins. Everybody laughed, and Mr. and Mrs. Banks they were furious—mad as anything, you know; and when Elijah Huntsler Banks hauled off, accidentally, with his hand, and hit Dr. Binns, who was holding him during the ceremony, a whack in the face, and the doctor dropped him in the water, the congregation just fairly roared with laughter. Mrs. Banks turned as red as fire, and looked as if she would like to murder somebody."

"Well, you know, we all thought this was the last, and public feeling kinder simmered down on toward the end of the week, when who should come boom'ing up the aisle on Sunday mornin' but Mr. and Mrs. Banks with 'em little Aristotle Banks, the remaining twin. Well, you ought just to've heard that congregation laugh! I never seen nothing like it in all my experience. Even Dr. Binns had to smile. And the Bankses they were perfectly wild with rage. Anyhow, they baptized Teemseh; and after meeting some of the elders got to jokin' about it. One said they'd have to apply to the Town Supervisors for an extension of the water-works; another allowed that arrangements ought to be made to divert Huckleberry creek, and run it down the middle aisle of the church; another made some kind of a joke about business being good because so many banks were in town; another said that Banks would need about twelve pews when his family grew up."

"Somebody must have told Banks about it, for what does he do to avenge himself? He sends down to Clarion county, to his two sisters, to come and bring their children. So they had a couple of babies apiece, and as soon as they arrived, Banks he begins to bring them to church gradually, like the others. You never seen such meetings as them! The church was jammed full, and people just roarin'. And when Banks come in on Sunday, with the fourth and last of his sisters' children, the trustees thought it was time to interfere. 'Gettin' to be a farce, you know."

"So Deacon Smith he stepped up and said something to Banks, and Banks, quick'n a wink, laid down the baby and banged the deacon with his fist. And so, I dunno how it was, but in a minute there was Banks and Deacon Smith and Deacon Hubbard and Banks' sisters' baby and me all a-rollin' and a-bumpin' over the floor, hittin' and kickin' and whoopin' in a manner that was ridiculous to behold. "And when we all come to and got straightened out, Banks picked up the battered baby of his sister and quit, and the trustees held an informal meetin', and agreed to close the church for a month, so's to kinder freeze Banks out, so now we've shut up; but I reckon it's no use, for I hear Banks has got his back up, and gone and joined the other church. So I said good-day to the sexton, and went in search of another sanctuary."

Who Owns the Land in England.

More than half the soil of the United Kingdom is nominally owned by some 2,000 persons. According to a valuable analysis of the very ill-arranged and incomplete parliamentary return of the landowners of the United Kingdom, published in the *Financial Reform Record* for 1878, 421 persons are the owners of 22,850,755 acres, or nearly 5,000,000 acres more than one-fourth of the total area of the United Kingdom. The mind is unable to grasp what such a monopoly costs the country, but certain features of it stand forth with a prominence sufficiently notable. In a most absolute sense, the well-being of the entire population of some 32,000,000 souls is placed in the power of a few thousands. For these thousands the multitude toils, and it may be on occasion, starves. Hence we have continually before us that most saddening of all spectacles, two or three families living in great splendor, and hard by their gates the miserably poor, the abject slaves of the soil, whose sole hope in life is too often the workhouse—that famous device against revolution, paid for by the middle classes—and the pauper's grave. Our land owners have not merely burdened the land with their game preserves; they have tied it up, and actively conspired to prevent its due cultivation. Instead of rising to the true necessities of the case, they cling to their game, make penal enactments about it, and struggle to augment the intensity of the evil, which it is to the people, as it the very existence of the country depend on hares and rabbits. In his absolute supremacy the landowner overrides all justice, takes precedence of all ordinary

creditors on his helpless tenants' estates, and controls the system of cultivation, often in utter disregard of private rights or private judgment, and, in addition, secures to himself the absolute reversion of every improvement which the tenant may make on the land.—*MacMillan's Magazine.*

The Law of Trespass.

Those readers who are fond of hunting and fishing may be interested to know what the law of trespass is, as they are liable to break it while seeking sport. The following summary of the law is from a report on the subject made to the State Board of Agriculture of Pennsylvania: Trespass is defined as "any transgression or offense against the law of nature, of society, or of the country in which we live, whether it relates to a man's person or property." This is its widest meaning.

Ordinarily, however, it has reference only to an entry on the property of another without authority, and in doing damage while there, whether much or little. The law gives the owner exclusive control over his property. Any infringement of his rights without his permission or justified by legal authority therefore constitutes a trespass. It does not need that the land should be inclosed by fences. The law supposes an imaginary inclosure, which answers every purpose, and the simple act of passing it constitutes trespass, although no harm should really result to crops, cattle, or aught else.

Even a person legally authorized to seize certain goods on a man's premises dare not break open doors for that purpose; if he does, his authority avails him nothing, and he becomes a common trespasser. Neither is a person justified in so ranging spouts as to discharge water on another man's land, even though he never steps off his own grounds, nor to permit filth to pass a boundary line without due permission. When a spout first discharges on a man's own premises and the contents then find their way to a neighbor's premises it does not constitute a trespass.

Hunting and fishing, however, constitute the most common and annoying sources of trespass to which our farmers are subjected. Custom has induced some people to believe they can hunt or fish on the lands or waters of other men with impunity. Nothing is wider of the fact than this. Because there can be no property in rabbits, quail, squirrels, pheasants and other feral birds and animals, they think these may be pursued wherever they may be discovered. It is hardly necessary to say that the same laws governing trespass in other cases prevail here. No matter that neither grass nor grain are trampled down, whether gates are left closed, bars left up and no rails broken, the pursuit of such game on the lands of another without permission is trespass. To even enter an unclosed piece of wood, where there are no crops to be injured, in pursuit of game, which may have taken refuge there, is a violation of law—quite as much as if a wheat-field in ear had been trampled down.

Learning to Write.

We believe there is no single system of mechanics for writing, and that a child belonging to the educated classes would be taught much better and more easily if, after being once enabled to make and recognize written letters, it were let alone, and praised or chidden, not for its method, but for the result. Let the boy hold his pen as he likes and make his strokes as he likes and write at the pace he likes—hurry, of course, being discouraged—but insist strenuously that his copy shall be legible, shall be clean, and shall approach the good copy set before him, namely, a well-written letter, not a rubbishy text on a single line, written as nobody but a writing-master ever did or ever will write till the world's end. He will make a muddle at first, but he will soon make a passable imitation of his copy, and ultimately develop a characteristic and strong hand, which may be bad or good, but will not be either meaningless, undecided, or illegible. This hand will alter, of course, greatly as he grows older. It may alter at 11, because it is at that age that the range of the eyes is fixed and short sight betrays itself, and it will alter at 17, because then the system of taking notes at lecture, which ruins most hands, will have cramped and temporarily spoiled the writing, but the character will form itself again and will never be deficient in clearness or decision. The idea that it is to be clear will have stamped itself, and confidence will not have been destroyed by worrying little rules about attitude and angle and slope, which the very irritation of the pupils ought to convince the teachers are, from some personal peculiarity, inapplicable. The lad will write, as he does anything else that he cares to do, as well as he can, and with a certain of fluency and speed. Almost every letter he gets will give him some assistance, and the master's remonstrance on his illegibility will be attended to, like any other caution given in the curriculum.—*London Spectator.*

A Joke from the Judicial Bench.

One of the members of the bar in Saratoga, who thoroughly enjoys a good joke, relates the following, and applies the moral to himself: Not long since he was counsel in a case before Judge Pratt, referee, and during the progress of the trial became a little bit noisy, as he sometimes does, when the Judge looked up and said to him: "Mr. —, did you ever hear of the man who was lost in the woods during a thunder-storm?" On being answered in the negative, the Judge continued: "A man, in attempting to pass through a piece of woods, lost his way, and while he was in that predicament a fearful thunder-storm came on. The woods grew awfully dark. The roaring of the wind and the crashing of the thunder was terrific. The man was frightened, and started to pray, but, being used to that business," said: "O Lord, give us a little more light, and a little less noise!" I don't mean you, Mr. —," added the Judge. The counsel says that the audience supposed all the time the Judge did mean him, and now that he thinks of it himself, he inclines to that opinion also.—*Troy Times.*

"Dinner at any price!"

yelled the hungry traveler who ordered venison for dinner.

LOCAL LEAVES.

Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Duna & Co., druggists, No. 92 Main street.

Watson's new brick will be ready for him in about fifteen days.

About half as many acres of potatoes will be planted this year as last.

C. S. Weaver & Co. are now employing nearly thirty carpenters and yet their cry is "more."

Patsy McGraw is in the city again, and wants to get up a class in the "Art of manly defense."

A few tramps have reached this part during the past few weeks. They don't stay long. "G. B."

Number you build according to the city directory and thus keep pace with the business of the city.

Railroads and onions are in market from Dr. Porter's farm, raised by J. F. Wallace one mile north of Bismarck.

T. J. Haines, of Wabasha, came up on the Minnie H. with a printing outfit for Ft. Pierre where he will start a paper.

Clum Emmons, host of selling as good cigars for ten cents as can be purchased at any place in the territory for fifteen.

Mrs. O. O. Goff has a couple of fine pianos to sell or rent. She prefers to sell them, but will rent to responsible parties.

Will the first engine come forth and the horrors permeate the streets of this city on the fourth of July, or will there be death of patriotism?

Sixteen car loads of lumber have been put into lumber piles during the last ten days and ten more will have been made it could have been delivered.

Market quotations are being made on the streets of this city. New drains are being put in and every locality seems to be enlivened with the spirit of improvement.

The dance at the Social House Wednesday night was one of the best conducted affairs of the season. Everybody was pleased, and nothing occurred to mar the evening's pleasure.

Dr. Gould, of Rupert, Vt., who is now in the city, has a large tract of land adjoining the Stark farm on the west, which would make a fine garden tract as could be found in this vicinity.

The merchant tailor, E. Schiffer, has gone out to purchase additional stock to meet the demands of his increasing trade. He turns out elegant suits and carries an excellent assortment of fine goods.

Owca Farley is the night watchman on the block between Second and Third and the railroad and Meigs streets. Under his guardianship property holders can rest easily. Midnight marauders beware.

The deadwood stage this morning brought in the body of a man named O'Brien, recently killed by Indians on the Belle Fourche. The body is being shipped to St. Louis for burial by a brother of the deceased.

A man attached to a halter and the halter attached to a mule sled overboard from the C. K. Peck Tuesday morning, creating some excitement during their struggle with the Missouri current. Mule, man and halter reached the shore safely.

John Hingland, the builder, was highly complimented by Bishop Clarkson, who said that the new Episcopal church was the finest in an architectural point of view of the large number that had been built under his orders during the past twenty years.

Mayor Peoples returned from a trip to Berthold Tuesday, a whiff of his has been superimposed a contract for furnishing lumber at that post. He captured a black of young geese (wild), and has them safely housed. He will try the experiment of raising them with domestic fowls.

Last week it was reported that there was a terrible shooting scrape on the extension, but Sheriff McKenzie, who went out Sunday, says it was but a drunken row in which one man received several impressions from another man's fist in the vicinity of his nose. No arrests.

Steward Miller, of the Rose Bud, says that during the last trip up the Missouri he saw more Indians than at any one time during sixteen years of steamboating. They are suffering for the necessities of life in most places, and are disposing of everything they have in exchange for food.

P. H. Smith shipped Thursday a car load of mules with wagons and other articles for the extension front. Mr. Smith has the contract for furnishing beef to the laborers on the Northern Pacific extension and also to the command under Maj. Merrill that will operate along the line this summer.

The third wire from St. Paul will reach Bismarck in about twenty days. What is needed most on the line is new poles to keep the wires off the ground. In many places between this city and Fargo the poles are being supported by the wires. This is a criminal piece of carelessness on somebody's part.

It has been shown by the soundings of the river bed that this country is underlain with a thin layer of sand stone under which the best of water can be obtained anywhere on the prairie, at from 100 to 150 feet depth. However, the best of water is found in many places at a depth of twenty five feet.

John Reynolds, a well known teamster of this city, met with a severe accident Tuesday afternoon while sawing wood. The horse used in the trading machine kicked Mr. Reynolds, breaking his right leg just above the knee. The accident is a severe one and will confine Mr. Reynolds to his house for a long time.

Neil Gilroy, the boss yard master of the northwest, left this morning for Boston to attend the yardmasters' convention to be held in that city. It is rumored among the boys that Elwood has also ulterior designs of making a reconnaissance among the better half of humanity and may come down to a trail drawn by one of the gender sex.

W. E. Stimpson is putting in seven acres of potatoes. Potatoes average to hundred bushels per acre in Burleigh county. The expense of preparing the ground, planting, cultivating, digging, sacking and haying an acre of potatoes is about \$25. The price of potatoes in this market averages thirty five cents per bushel. This leaves a profit of \$45 per acre. Therefore Mr. Stimpson will make \$765 on his this year's crop.

Raymond's river addition to Bismarck is now a matter of definite shape. The addition covers a valuable tract overlooking the river, extending north from the brewery, and contains nearly two hundred good sized lots. The principal street is Euclid avenue, running north and south. This property must eventually net its owners a princely income. A photograph from a pencil drawing of

birdseye-view of the new addition, showing a number of steamboats in the river and Bismarck proper in the distance, has been prepared and can now be seen at Mr. Raymond's store.

There are a number of business houses in the city yet unnumbered. Every business man should see to it that his building is numbered so that the carriers will not run amiss of his place and thus cause vexatious delay.

Alex McKenzie will go to Standing Rock tomorrow after five men, who are now in the guard house at Fort Yates. They stole a skiff from the Bismarck levee and floated into trouble.

The extension of the postoffice building is progressing rapidly, and will be finished in about ten days. This extension will give about three times the room of the present quarters.

Frank Donnelly, chairman of the County Board, is now fencing his farm southeast of the city, and his crops are looking excellent, as, indeed, are all in this vicinity.

Decay of the Teeth.
Arises from various causes, but principally it may be attributed to early neglect or the indiscriminate use of tooth powders and pastes, which give a momentary whiteness to the teeth while they corrode the enamel. The timely use of that delicate aromatic tooth-wash, Fragrant SOLE DON'T, will speedily arrest the progress of decay, harden the gums, and impart a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes those ravages which people sustain in their teeth from the use of sweet and acid articles.

25 Boxes Choice Oranges and Lemons.
Just received by THURSTON & CO.

Five Leghorn Ladies' Hats.
Just received at WATSON'S.

Lamps of all kinds at
D. I. BAILEY & CO'S.

50 Cases Tolu Rock and Elye
at THURSTON & CO'S.

Fifty Thousand of Various Brands of Cigars
being closed out at manufacturer's prices at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Breaking Flowers
at W. H. THURSTON & CO'S.

Elegant Line of Fine Millinery
at WATSON'S.

First-class Table Board.
\$5.00 per week, at R. H. MARSH'S, corner 5th and Meigs.

Russia Leather
And Seal Skin Portemonnaies and pocket-books at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Strawberry Plants
for sale cheap, at BRAGG'S.

Hair Brushes.
Combs, Tooth Brushes, etc. at DUNN & CO'S.

Bird Cages.
a fine assortment, at D. I. BAILEY & CO'S.

Blank Books
at DUNN'S.

Breaking Wanted.
Twenty-five thousand acres of breaking in the vicinity of Tower City wanted. Address S. S. SMITH, Tower City, D. T.

Toilet Articles
And Perfumes at DUNN & CO'S.

Table Boarders
Of any number can be accommodated at R. H. MARSH'S, corner 5th and Meigs.

A Full Line
Paints, Oils, and Brushes at DUNN'S.

New Hats.
If you want an elegantly trimmed hat, latest style, go to WATSON'S.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic
restores the appetite and is pleasant, safe and efficient.

Playing Cards
And Ivory Checkers at DUNN & CO'S.

The Only Place.
If you looking for a place to get a tenderloin or porterhouse steak, remember Forster's restaurant.

Window Glass
all sizes, at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

A Full Line of Window Glass
of all sizes, at DUNN & CO'S, 92 Main Street.

Base Balls
and Bats at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Extra Notice.
Taken up by an Indian of this agency on the 26th inst., one black horse and one dark brown mare, both of them without a brand. Also one iron gray pony horse marked, both of his ears sit on the sides. The owner or claimant of one or all of the above named animals must come well recommended by responsible parties known to this office and be prepared to pay charges. T. J. STEPHAN, U. S. Indian Agency, Standing Rock, May 31, 1880.

Lace Bunting.
Are the latest, and Dan Eisenberg has a full assortment of them, also a full line of Linen Lawns.

All the Popular Brands of Cigars
at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Great Bargains.
in Gents' clothing, Boots and Shoes, etc., at WATSON'S.

Goto Stimpson's
For Ice Cream and Strawberries.

Croquet Sets
at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Closing Out Sale.
Remember the closing out sale of clothing for the next twenty days at W. B. WATSON'S.

Cecanova Cordial.
The great Chinese remedy for Dyspepsia, for sale at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Stimpson
Has a ladies' entrance to his Ice Cream Parlors.

White Lead, Linseed Oil
and Turpentine, at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Rubber Boots.
Of all sizes for men, at MARSHALL'S.

Misses' and Children's Shoes.
At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S.

Strayed.
From the subscribers, about the first of May, 1880, one pair of dark brown gelding mules, about 12 to 14 years high, six or seven years old, with figure a branded on right jaw. Any person giving information leading to their recovery will be handsomely rewarded and liberally rewarded. H. T. BUSH & CORWIN, Jamestown, D. T.

Ice Cream by the Quantity
For family use, STIMPSON'S.

Taken Up.
One black Mare Pony, several years old, with star on forehead—One yearling Horse Pony with white strip on face came to my place on the 15th inst. Owner can have same by proving property and pay charges. W. L. GIBSON, Butte, Creek.

THE RIVER TRAFFIC.
The river at this point is stationary. The Butte, Benton line, from Sioux City is due Saturday, bound for Benton. The Nellie Peck arrived Tuesday morning from Benton and left the same day for Sioux City.

The Key West passed Buford at 2:30 yesterday and the Far West was at the Coal Banks last night.

On the Nellie Peck was a large buffalo bound for some park as a curiosity to amuse the average citizen.

The Peninah, Capt. Tom. Mariner, left Monday for Benton. She leaves her load of government mules at Buford.

The Key West left for Benton Saturday, the Helena Friday night, both with full cargoes of freight and passengers.

The Benton arrived Monday from Benton and left Tuesday for Sioux City with a full load of freight and passengers.

The C. K. Peck, from St. Louis, arrived Tuesday morning loaded with government freight for Buford and Benton.

The Western passed Sully yesterday. She will arrive here tomorrow and return to Fort Pierre and Yankton Sunday morning.

The Josephine and Black Hills, of the "Old Reliable," are doing good service for Uncle Sam transporting troops and supplies on the lower part of the river.

The Rosebud made the round trip from Bismarck to Benton and return in sixteen days—ten days up and four days down. This was quick time, but not the fastest on record.

Advices this afternoon state that the Eclipse has reached Miles City, leaving a portion of her cargo at Buffalo Rapids. The Batchelor is in the Big Horn river en route to Custer.

Mr. J. C. Barr has had photographs taken of his new sign, painted by Cliff Bros. They are indeed fine, and from them one can form a good idea of the river, Fort Benton and Citadel Rock.

The Minnie H. is one of the neatest boats that ever sailed the waters of the upper Missouri, and her captain one of the most genial of men. It is worth a trip to the levee to see this model little steamer.

The Gen. Terry left last night for the Yellowstone, crowded with passengers. She has on board two companies of the 7th Infantry to relieve the 6th Infantry at Stevenson and Buford, and fourteen recruits for Keogh.

The Gen. Sherman, after a thorough renovation, looks well, and is one of the finest boats on the river. She left yesterday morning with sixty recruits for Fort Assiniboine, to reinforce companies of the 18th Infantry.

The Rosebud arrived from Fort Benton on Wednesday evening with a large passenger list also 500 dry hides, 167 bales of robes which were sent east by the Northern Pacific railroad. The Rosebud will leave on her third trip to Benton tomorrow evening. She will take up with her the Mounted Police for Forts Walsh and Macleod.

The Minnie H., from St. Paul, arrived Wednesday, thirty four days out from St. Louis. She draws but thirteen inches of water and as soon as her pilots shall have acquainted themselves with the river will make time that will surprise the natives. E. H. Herman is her captain and it the Minnie H. is a success two other boats of about the same dimensions will be brought up.

The Big Horn left Keogh this morning with a full cargo of robes, hides, and furs, and full of passengers, among whom are Mrs. Gen. Miles, Mrs. W. G. O'Toole and Mrs. Kingsbury. The Big Horn will be the first boat out of the Yellowstone this season and will reach this place Monday morning. She will leave on her second trip for the Yellowstone on Tuesday the 8th inst.

CLOTHING

GREAT BARGAINS
In Boots and Shoes, for Boys, Youths and Men. Our Stock is complete and our prices lower than ever before. We can suit you as to quality of stock or style, and guarantee that our prices are lower than anywhere else in the city.

St. Paul Branch Clothing House

REED'S TONIC

FOR THE CURE OF ALL DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, STOMACH, AND BOWELS, WHICH DEBILITATE, IT HAS NO EQUAL, AND CAN HAVE NO SUBSTITUTE. IT SHOULD NOT BE CONFUSED WITH THE TRIFLING COMPOUND OF SUGAR, SPIRITS AND ESSENTIAL OILS, OFFERED UNDER THE NAME OF BILETIC.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

COULSON LINE.

1880

Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers.

OLD RELIABLE

Coulson Line

Comprised of the following new and elegant passenger steamers, built expressly for the trade, leaving Bismarck regularly during the season of 1880, receiving freight and passengers through to all points East and West, connecting with roads East and West.

MONTANA, DAKOTA, WYOMING, ROSE BUD, BIG HORN.

WESTERN, FAR WEST, KEY WEST, BLACK HILLS.

The above steamers are owned and controlled by the Missouri River Transportation Company, fully organized and reliable—not here to-day and away to-morrow, but a fixture we are here to stay.

For information or freight and passenger rates, write or telephone.

W. S. EVANS, Pres.,
S. B. COULSON, Gen'l Manager,
J. C. McVAY, Gen. Frt. Agt.,
D. W. Maratta, Gen. Supt.,
Bismarck, D. T.

For Ft. Benton, Saturday, 5th, Steamer ROSE BUD.

Ft. Pierre and Yankton, Sunday, 6th, Steamer WESTERN.

For the Yellowstone, Tuesday, 8th, Steamer BIG HORN.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

WANTED.—An occupant for a first-class tenement house. House is centrally located in good neighborhood. Enquire at 114.

WANTED.—Two good painters, house and ornamental, are badly wanted at Miles City, M. T.

WANTED.—A girl to do general housework. Good wages. Enquire of F. W. Hard, at brewery, steamboat landing.

WANTED.—Lovers of fine wines and liquors, a good cigar or a "hang up" meal, to call at Bush & McBratney's Palace Restaurant, Mandan, D. T.

WANTED.—A few Bismarck City Directories left, at 50 cents and \$1.00 per copy, at THE TRIBUNE office.

For Sale.
Two pianos in good repair. Will sell them cheap or rent to responsible parties at a low figure. Apply to Mrs. O. S. Goff, Photograph Gallery.

FOR SALE.—A Dougherty light Ambulance, in perfect order; a great bargain. Apply to Capt. Hawkins, Fort Lincoln.

FOR SALE.—The school building on Fourth street, formerly occupied by Chris. Olson. Building will also be kept. Apply to McLEAN & MACKIDER.

FOR SALE.—E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign.

FOR SALE.—Hay and oats. Day in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Butte, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

Miscellaneous.
ANY one desiring some good rich top soil can have the same by hauling it away. G. H. FAIRCHILD.

DON'T forget Forster's when you are in town.

LADIES' fine shoes a specialty. Large inventory just received at MARSHALL'S, 75 Main Street.

FIRST-class day board at Forster's only \$5 per week.

GET your watch regulated at Day & Plants, 38 1/2, Main street.

\$72 A WEEK \$13 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRAV & Co., Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STIMSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

SEND TO F. C. RICH & Co. Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

\$68 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address A. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

FRENCH Kid side lace and buttoned boots, the neatest yet, at MARSHALL'S.

DO you want to save money? Then go to Forster's and buy meal tickets.

DY WOOD.—Steamboatmen will find 500 cords of dry wood at Oak Point, 35 miles above Bismarck. C. L. MERRY.

Money to Loan.
MONEY TO LOAN. F. J. CALL.

\$3,000 TO LOAN on Real Estate or security, in sums to suit. Inquire of FLANNERY & WETHEBY.

MONEY TO LOAN—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of M. P. STATTERY, 411m 48 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Those who are in want of Day Board should call at Forster's Restaurant on Third St., the quietest and neatest place in the city.

JEWELERS

Day & Plants,

Watchmakers and Jewelers.

Also dealers in all kinds of

SEWING MACHINES.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN

TO MONTANA,
FORT BENTON TRANSPORTATION CO.
BENTON P LINE.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE
Peck Line AND THE Yellowstone Line
Comprising the following ten first class Steamers:

Benton, Helena, Butte, Gen. Terry, F. Y. Batchelor

C. K. Peck, Nellie Peck, Peninah, Gen. Meade, Fontenelle.

Carrying all Military Stores on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers and U. S. MAILS on Upper Missouri River.

One of the Peck Line steamers leave Sioux City tri-weekly for Fort Pierre, landing for Black Hills, connecting there with F. T. Evans and Dougherty & Co's overland freight trains and daily stages for Deadwood and all points in the Black Hills.

One of the Benton Line Steamers leave Sioux City every Saturday, touching at Bismarck every Saturday for Ft. Benton head waters of Missouri, connecting with T. C. Power & Bro's (P. I.) overland freight trains and Benton and Helena Daily Stage Line for Helena, Butte, Bozeman, Yogo Mines and all interior points in Montana. The Yellowstone Line will have a boat leaves Bismarck every Thursday during season of navigation for all points on Yellowstone River.

Steamer BUTTE,
—FOR—
F.T. BENTON,
Leaves SUNDAY, 6th Inst.

For freight or passage apply to
J. C. BARR, Gen. Agt., Sheridan House,
BISMARCK, DAKOTA.

JEWELERS

E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.
Dealers in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Eye-Glasses
Special attention given to all work in our line.
Agents for the justly celebrated
ROCKFORD WATCHES.

DRUGS AND NOTIONS.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,
Wholesale Druggist

—DEALER IN—
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, TOILET ARTICLES
AND PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, ETC.
BISMARCK, D. T.

Also White Lead, Paints, Oils and Varnishes.

Orders from Military Posts promptly Attended to.

A Full Line of all Standard Patent Medicines.

DAN. EISENBERG

Is offering a beautiful line of Summer Fabrics; chief among them Buntings, Lace and plain, in all qualities and prices; Lawns, Piques, Monnie, and Crepe Cloths, French Cambrics, and Cretones, Satines, &c., &c. My Stock of Ladies' and Childrens' Millinery is of the latest styles, direct from the Eastern Market. Hats Trimmed in the Latest Styles on Short Notice. In Gent's Furnishings I have the finest line in the city. Ladies' and Childrens' Shoes, Carpets, &c. Call and examine Goods.

DAN. EISENBERG.

GROCERS.

W. H. THURSTON & CO.,
Wholesale AND RETAIL Grocers.

(78 MAIN STREET, BISMARCK)

Steamboat and Freighters Supplies a Specialty.

BAKERY

AUSTIN LOGAN,
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
and
BAKERY.
Third Street, Bismarck, D. T. The choicest goods at the lowest prices. 1547

LAUNDRY

WESTERN LAUNDRY,
No. 21, Fourth St.
I have opened a first-class Laundry at the above named place, and am prepared to do all work with which I am favored.

Ladies and Gents' Fine Clothes a Specialty.
Orders taken and Clothes delivered to any part of the city.

FRANK HOBERT.
S. J. PLAIL, Combines the lowest prices with the best quality of work. I have a large stock of all the latest styles of clothing, and am prepared to do all work with which I am favored. LAWRENCE & Co., 26 Exchange Place, New York.

ATTORNEY

Thos. Van Etten,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BISMARCK D. T.

Jewell's Directory \$1